

# Sports Illustrated



APRIL 5, 1982 \$1.50

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9mg "tar"

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You can count on

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# High School's

## McDonald's All American High School Basketball Team



**Kim Baskin**  
Columbia, SC



**Benoit Benjamin**  
New York, NY



**Kerry Bauge**  
New York, NY



**Wendell Curry**  
New York, NY



**Willie Cutts**  
New York, NY



**Brad Daugherty**  
New York, NY



**Johnny Givens**  
New York, NY



**Bruce Douglas**  
New York, NY



**Roger Hudson**  
New York, NY



**Donald Hurley**  
New York, NY



**Markel Hutcher**  
New York, NY



**Eldridge Hudson**  
New York, NY



**Curtis Hunter**  
New York, NY



**Alphonzo Johnson**  
New York, NY



**Tim Kempton**  
New York, NY



**Brad Lahus**  
New York, NY



**Ernie Myers**  
New York, NY



**Harold Pressley**  
New York, NY



**Richard Relford**  
New York, NY



**Billy Thompson**  
New York, NY



**Weyman Tisdale**  
New York, NY



**Kerry Trotter**  
New York, NY



**Kenny Walker**  
New York, NY



**Ehren Walters**  
New York, NY



**Steve Woodside**  
New York, NY

**CBS  
SPORTS**





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you keep passin' 'em one by one.

It's those rows of corn, that sea of wheat.

Tall trees blocking out the sun.

It's 13 speeds in an overdrive gearbox.

And a CB handle

when you've got the country music turned off.

The road to Raleigh is a man

who gets up when he wants to...

goes to bed when he says.

Pushes himself to the limit

and then relaxes with gusto.

He doesn't give a damn what you think.

The road to Raleigh has

the feel of hard rain

and blowin' snow.

The light of a rising sun,

the pale of a pea soup fog.

It's got the smell of hot coffee.

And the stench of diesel fuel.

It's got men.

It's got freedom.

It's got the flavor you can only get

When you're on the road to Raleigh.



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# Hottest for 1982

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Congratulations to all of them.





## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



GEY AND WULF: CHAMPIONSHIP BREAKFAST IN VERO BEACH

plastic wristwatch with a secret compartment—which could have held my right contact lens. Also, baseball cards, golf balls, racing cars, glow-in-the-dark marbles and a plastic ring with a secret compartment that couldn't have held anything."

Reporter Lisa Twyman says bitterly, "I never got the prizes. My brother left for school an hour earlier than I, so he had already dug his grimy little paws to the

bottom of the box to get the decoder ring, or whatever it was down there."

Reporter Ivan Maisel conned his mother into buying Kellogg's Corn Flakes, which he hated, for the 3-D baseball cards they offered. Says Maisel, "I would dump out the flakes to get to the card, which was always at the bottom, and then try to get the flakes back in. Do you know how hard it is to pour cereal into a box? I never did eat those corn flakes." And then there is Reporter Cathy Wolf, who remembers "lusting after an inflatable rubber raft," although "assembling the requisite box tops, coupons and quarters always seemed beyond me."

Reporter Bob Sullivan's preference for cold cereal was essentially esthetic.

"Because my mother and Madison Avenue told me hot cereals 'stick to your ribs'—to them a selling point—I turned immediately to cold. Things sticking to my ribs seemed a distinctly unattractive prospect. I wanted my breakfast to bypass my ribs entirely and land quickly in my stomach."

And finally there is Writer-Reporter Franz Lidz, who once wrote an article on an attack of writer's block he claimed was cured by Alpha-Bits. "A flotilla of words," he says, "surfaced through the bananas and milk."

Staff Writer Craig Neff recalls not only rooting around for the prizes in the boxes, but also sending in the box tops for such treasures as "a blue

When Associate Writer Steve Wulf wolfs Wheaties, it isn't exactly an event. He's been doing it all his life, which is the amount of time he estimates he spent researching and writing the story on Wheaties that begins on page 66. In real life (which often imitates real sport), he started working on it last spring, and "One of the things I discovered," he says, "is that most athletes really do eat Wheaties."

Wulf's story led us to survey our staff to find out how they start their day, and we have made a discovery of our own: Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, is Assistant Managing Editor Mark Mulvoy's father-in-law. Chuck Flynn, who played the part on radio from 1939 to 1951, is alive and well and living in Miami, but Mulvoy says, "I've never seen him eat a bowl of cereal. His idea of breakfast is coffee and maybe a Danish." His four Mulvoy grandchildren have a different notion of how to start the day: At last count there were no fewer than 12 brands of cereal in the Mulvoy larder.

A survey of the childhood breakfasts of SI staffers disclosed not only a wide range of preferences in cereal, but also an astounding array of vices. Greed, jealousy, yea, even lust. As we all know, cereal is often not the only thing to be found in cereal boxes.

Staff Writer Craig Neff recalls not only rooting around for the prizes in the boxes, but also sending in the box tops for such treasures as "a blue

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Philip D. Hurd



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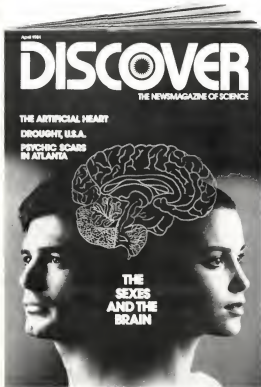
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# replay

by FRANZ LIZB

**FOR 47 SECONDS, THIS LITTLE LEAGUER WAS THE BEST BALLPLAYER ON EARTH**

With the coming of warm weather and new grass in Yankee Stadium, I'm drawn back to the time when I was the world's greatest ballplayer for 47 seconds.

To appreciate how far I had to come to do this, you must know that, as a third-grader in Valley Stream, N.Y., I was thought by my fellow Little Leaguers to have as much of a chance of cracking the starting lineup as the mom who brought the Kool-Aid. I got in games just after the moon came up, when my coach tired of hearing my mother scream, "Play fair. Put my boy in."

I wasn't the Nap Lajoie of the league. I was a righthander too dumb to know I was using a leftbender's glove. I put it on my left hand. The first fly that I tried to catch bounced off my inflexible fingers, and it caught my nose and broke it.

We moved to the Philadelphia suburbs the next winter, and I was a free agent. I practiced by bouncing a tennis ball off the side of the house. When the Narbeth Little League season opened, I thought I could field the best tennis ball on the Main Line. I knew I would get a starting spot, and I did. I was put at second base, where Little League coaches place players who they judge couldn't stop a sentence with a period.

On the day I became the greatest, I was at second. No outs, runners on first and second. The kid at the plate hit a high pop behind the pitcher. I dove and came up with the ball, like Billy Martin in the 1952 World Series. The guy going from second to third froze. I tagged him. Two outs. I stepped on second base out of confused habit and then raced for the fat kid running back to first. I beat him by four steps.

Suddenly, I was hoisted in the air and wasn't sure what was going on. I didn't even score a run. We were still losing 17-0. I realized I'd made a triple play by myself. I'd made an *unassisted triple play*! I would be in the record books! The umpire autographed the ball. My coach said, "Take it home, son, and tell your parents you didn't steal it."

END

**CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE**

In seeking to justify its continued inaction in combating acid precipitation, the Reagan Administration professes to be uncertain about the precise origins of that increasingly troubling phenomenon. For example, it refuses to accept as conclusive a wealth of evidence that the acid precipitation that has devastated lakes and rivers in the Northeastern U.S. and Canada is caused by nitrogen oxide emitted by automobiles and by airborne pollutants, primarily sulfur dioxide, spewed into the atmosphere by power plants in distant Midwestern industrial states. Far from embracing any such cause-and-effect relationship, the White House has given its support to a bill to amend the Clean Air Act of 1970 that fails to address itself to the problem of acid precipitation and, in fact, would allow sharp increases in nitrogen oxides and possibly in sulfur dioxides as well. The bill, sponsored by Representative Thomas A. Luken of Ohio, is expected to come before the House Energy and Commerce Committee this week.

The evidence concerning the origins of acid rain that the Administration refuses to accept is circumstantial. That is, there is no way of directly proving that a specific smokestack in Ohio might be responsible for killing fish in a particular lake in the Adirondacks. Yet, as judges instruct juries in the courts every day, the law gives as much weight to circumstantial evidence as it does to direct evidence, i.e., evidence based on firsthand observation, such as eyewitness accounts. And the collective judgment of scientists is increasingly one-sided in accepting that acid precipitation in the Northeast U.S. and Canada is indeed caused by distant power-plant emissions. Thus, a committee of the National Academy of Sciences concluded last fall that the problem of acid precipitation "is disturbing enough to merit prompt tightening," by up to 50% in some areas, of emission standards for power plants and other sources of pollution.

Interestingly, the Reagan Administration last week did embrace circumstantial evidence relating to precipitation-borne toxic agents of another kind. The

State Department issued a 32-page report providing what it said was proof that the Soviet Union and its allies had employed lethal chemical agents—so-called "yellow rain"—against civilian populations in Southeast Asia and Afghanistan. However, even as the report was released, *The New York Times* was quoting one "senior Administration official" as acknowledging, "We still don't have the kind of hard, direct evidence that would remove all doubts."

The point to be made here isn't whether the State Department report is wrong or right but rather that the Reagan Administration is guilty of applying a double standard. Scientists conversant with both of the issues say that the circumstantial evidence the Administration accepts in the case of yellow rain is no more compelling than that which it rejects in the case of acid rain. Indeed, it may be instructive to contrast the somewhat defensive statement by the Administration official quoted above with the tone of the National Academy of Sciences report on acid precipitation. The report concluded: "Although claims have been made that direct evidence linking power-plant emissions to the production of acid rain is inconclusive, we find the circumstantial evidence for their role overwhelming."

**BRAVO, GASTONIA**

It's not every day that a city of 47,333 inhabitants has two of its young men named All-America in basketball in the same season and playing against each other in the NCAA championship game, so townspeople in Gastonia, N.C. had every reason to be proud of the goings-on Monday night in New Orleans. Some of them were rooting for Georgetown, featuring Gastonia's own Eric (Sleepy) Floyd (all the more so because Judge William Gaston, for whom the city was named, was the first student ever to enroll at Georgetown), and others were rooting for North Carolina, starring Gastonia's own James Worthy. Still others were pulling for both teams, including the city's passionately neutral mayor, Thebaud Jeffers, who has tentatively

scheduled Worthy-Floyd Day in Gastonia for May 28.

Floyd and Worthy grew up within a couple of miles of each other in Gastonia, but because they lived on different sides of Route 321, roughly the boundary between two school districts, Floyd went to Hunter Huss High School, Worthy to Ashbrook High. Gastonia fans still talk about the rivalry between Huss and Ashbrook during the '76-'77 season, when Floyd was a junior, Worthy a sophomore. Ashbrook won the first four times the two teams met that season and was unbeaten all the way to the state 4A finals. Way to go, Worthy. But Huss also made it to the finals, and in the championship game, Huss's Scott Harper made a basket with three seconds left for a 60-59 victory. Way to go, Floyd.

By coincidence, the coaches of Huss and Ashbrook, Green Burger and Larry Rhodes, each quit soon after their stars, Floyd and Worthy, respectively, left for college. Both coaches evidently knew for whom the bell tolled, and, indeed, high school basketball in Gastonia hasn't been the same since the Floyd-Worthy era. But as he and old rival Worthy prepared for their dramatic reunion in the Superdome, Floyd said, "James and I were in Gastonia during an up time. Now it's been down. But the talent will come back." In fact, some locals feel that twins named Daryl and Dirk at Gastonia's Southwest Junior High School are destined for basketball stardom. They're distant relatives of a famous Gastonian, and their last name is Floyd.

**EUROPEAN SNOW JOB**

Have you noticed the amazing season American skiers have just completed in Europe? Perhaps you haven't. Over the years this country hasn't fared all that well in either Nordic or Alpine skiing, and the public closely follows those sports only during Olympics. But now, because of what's been going on in Europe, Bill Marolt, U.S. Alpine Team director, is able to say flatly, "Things have turned around for us, no doubt about it."

Marolt has reason to exult. Following their strong showing in the world cham-

continued



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## SCORECARD *continued*

promships in Austria (SI, Feb. 15). U.S. skiers have cleaned up on the World Cup circuit. In Alpine skiing the Mahre twins, Phil and Steve, finished first and third in the men's standings and constituted, all by themselves, the third best men's team in the world. Besides winning the overall title, Phil Mahre won the combined championship and ended Ingemar Stenmark's four-year reign in the giant slalom and the Swedish star's seven-year domination of the special slalom. On the women's list, Americans Chrisin Cooper and Cindy Nelson placed third and fifth overall. Holly Flanders tied for second in the downhill and the U.S. won the women's team title. Counting a season-ending victory in the slalom last week in France by Cooper, Americans won 13 World Cup races, the U.S.'s most successful season ever.

Even more remarkable was the U.S. showing in Nordic skiing. By winning the final 15-km. race of the season last week in Italy, Bill Koch wrapped up the first World Cup overall cross-country championship ever by an American. Last month in Sweden Koch and another American, Dan Simonau, finished first and second in a 30-km. race, and on Sunday Koch, Simonau, Tim Caldwell and Jim Galanes became the first U.S. men's team ever to win a cross-country relay.

Marolt insists that the U.S. triumphs are the result not of luck but of a successful overhaul of the country's skiing program. And he buoyantly says, "Now we'll just have to achieve the same success at the 1984 Olympics."

## DIGGER'S NON-BOMBSHELL

In recent years there have been many allegations of cash payments and other improper inducements to college basketball players. Mark Aguirre, then playing for DePaul, told the *Chicago Tribune* two years ago that when he was in high school, one unnamed college coach offered him \$5,000 and a new car if Aguirre would attend the coach's school, and another promised \$10,000 and a trip to Hawaii. Last February several members of the Portland Trail Blazers said they had been offered cars, apartments and airline tickets by college recruiters. Clemson was put on NCAA probation in the early 1970s, but in part, payments made to players by then-coach Tates Locke, in a recent SI story on Locke (March 8), former Clemson star Wayne

*continued*



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(Tree) Rollins was quoted as saying he had received \$60,000 from Clemson boosters while attending the school. UCLA is currently on NCAA probation because, among other transgressions, several of its basketball players had received cars or other gifts from boosters. Wichita State is on NCAA probation for infractions that include gifts to players of cash and airline tickets.

Considered against this backdrop, last week's remarks by Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps on the subject of cheating in college basketball weren't the bombshell they seemed to be. Phelps frequently speaks out against what he says is rampant cheating in the sport, and he reiterated these views in an interview with New York Times Reporter Gordon S. White Jr., in New Orleans on the eve of the NCAA's Final Four. He told White he believed that as many as 50% of schools may be cheating, that \$10,000 a year was the "going price" for payments to star players, that he knew of "at least seven" schools that cheated, that two of them had illegally outrecruited Notre Dame by paying athletes and that he had reported those two schools to the NCAA. But Phelps declined to identify either the players or schools involved.

Did Phelps have firsthand information to support his charges? In a subsequent TV interview on CBS, he left the impression that he didn't. Referring to one of his charges, he now spoke of "rumors" that the going rate for star recruits "may be" \$10,000. Vague though Phelps' allegations to White were, they created a sensation. One reason was that the Times had for some reason seen fit to run the story on the front page. It also happened that the story broke at a time when sportswriters and coaches were all assembled in New Orleans for the NCAA tournament. The inevitable result was intense speculation by those present about which schools Phelps might have had in mind.

There were complaints that by airing his suspicions about cheating just before the NCAA championship, Phelps had unnecessarily cast a shadow over that event. Others criticized the Times for overplaying what was essentially old news. Yet the flap did have the benefit of calling attention to what practically everybody agreed was a major problem besetting college athletics. And one part of the interview that was new was Phelps' revelation that he had reported two

schools to the NCAA. Because it lacks subpoena power, the NCAA is often hamstrung in enforcing its rules. Phelps admitted to St that it's often "very difficult for [the NCAA] to do anything" with the type of information he provided. Still, tips from rival coaches are a major factor in developing those cases of cheating that the NCAA is able to prosecute successfully. That Phelps would openly speak of having come forward with information, however skimpy it may be, might encourage other coaches to be more forthcoming, too. If so, something else good will have come out of Digger's non-bombshell.

#### UNITY AND DISSENT

More than 400 miles of desert and roughly 180 degrees of ideology separated NFL owners and players last week as each side in the league's current labor negotiations sought to solidify support for its official bargaining position. In Phoenix, owners, general managers and coaches got together for their annual league meeting under the threat of a \$100,000 pop-off fine against any owner who makes statements damaging to the party line. The threat of a fine was on Cincinnati owner Paul Brown's mind when he discussed a report that he and the other owners were considering a lockout after the current contract expires on July 15, a beat-'em-to-the-punch move to head off a players' strike during the regular season. Brown said, "I'm not in favor of it—and I hope that doesn't get me fined."

Meanwhile, in Albuquerque, an unprecedentedly large turnout of 537 members of the NFL Players' Association gathered for a convention at which Executive Director Ed Garvey rallied support for the union's chief demand that the players receive a percentage of the clubs' gross revenues. The concept was hammered home to the membership with pennants that carried the inscription: % Or TAT GROSS, and while that slogan seemed more suitable for a CPA convention, no more than a handful of players opposed the union's position on either of two open votes that were taken on the issue. But First Vice-President Jeff Van Note of the Atlanta Falcons fretted that there might have been more opposition had the ballot been secret. And Chicago Bear Safety Gary Fencik said, "The people I'm interested in hear-

ing from are the apathetic 1,000 who didn't come to the convention."

Like the owners, the union wasn't anxious for public dissent, witness its treatment of ex-Oakland Defensive Tackle Tom Keating, a former NFLPA vice-president. Keating thinks the union should push for absolute free agency rather than for a percentage of the gross, and he says he was made to feel unwelcome at the meeting, which he attended as an elder statesman. "They didn't want me to come," Keating said. "I sent in my check and my reservation blank, and they sent it back. It had been rejected, and on the bottom was a note, 'It's an Executive Committee decision, we don't want you to come.'"

Although the matter was straightened out, Keating said that when he got to the meeting, some players wouldn't talk to him, while others suggested he was "wired to management." Defending his support of free agency, he said, "Greg Luzinski makes \$700,000 for hitting .265, Frank Tanana gets 400 Gs for going 4-10, and that's what free agency's done for baseball. Don't tell me a guy like Al Davis wouldn't open the checkbook in a minute for the chance to stick it to those other owners. But nobody in the association wants to hear talk like that. They think the owners are just going to hand over the store to them."

Putting the best face on things, Van Note said, "I still think it was a thrilling thing to see 537 players there. And I think it impressed the owners, too." As for the snubbing of Keating, Van Note attributed it to "a certain small faction." And at least nobody in the union was suggesting that anyone be fined \$100,000 for refusing to parrot the party line.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Howard Cosell, informed by a reporter for the *Riverside (Calif.) Press-Enterprise* that authorities were investigating an apparently illegal pari-mutuel betting scheme at a celebrity golf tournament hosted by the attorney-turned-sports-caster: "You're dealing with a lawyer and a brilliant mind. That's absurd."
- Derek Hardy, head golf pro at Snee Farm Country Club in Mount Pleasant, S.C. and Beth Daniel's teaching pro, on why he charges \$1,000 for a single lesson yet offers a series of 13 lessons for \$140: "If you expect a miracle, you should expect to pay for one."

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**Sports Illustrated**

APRIL 5, 1982

# Nothing Could Be Finer

Than to be with Carolina after it had at last won the big one for Dean Smith, beating Georgetown 63-62 by CURRY KIRKPATRICK





CONTINUED

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY MANNY MILLAN



Oh for six, Goose eggs by the half dozen. How many times had he heard it? And there it was happening to Dean Smith once more as his North Carolina team, behind again, passed the ball around the Georgetown zone with the clock running down in Monday night's NCAA championship game in the Louisiana Superdome.

Over a multitude of Marches, if it wasn't Alcindor, it was Mount; if it wasn't a McGuire farewell, it was an Ishak goodbye. If it wasn't one thing, it was always another whenever Smith and the Tar Heels got to the Final Four. They had lost to the best college champion in history (UCLA, 1968), and they had lost to the two champions with the most defeats (Marquette, 1977; Indiana, 1981). "I think I've handled it well. I don't feel the emptiness," Smith had said on Friday.

But in sport as in life there are turnings. To everything, there is a season. Surely this time, this turn, belonged to Dean Smith. In New Orleans, The City That Care Forgot, care couldn't get this brilliant, star-crossed basketball coach.

And so Smith's turn came Monday at 9:05 p.m. CST, (Four) Corners Stall Time, as 61,612—the largest crowd ever to see a game in the Western Hemisphere—rose to give him his due. Not only his, however, because the roar that was sent up like God's own thunder honored the play and the players on both sides, such was Carolina's wondrous 63-62 victory over Georgetown.

To win, the Tar Heels had to significantly alter their strategy against the Hoyas' 7-foot monster-child, Pat Ewing. At first Carolina tried to cut the court in half and challenge the elegant giant. Eventually, they had to rely on Forward James Worthy (who made 13 of 17 field-goal attempts, had 28 points) and was "the most explosive he's ever been," according to his frontcourt running mate, Sam Perkins) to rush down the floor and jam the ball through the hoop before Ewing, a human PAC-MAN, swallowed them all alive.

Still, Carolina was, as Smith put it, "the hunted," and Georgetown, quicker, ravaging, downright frightening in its full court press, was "the hunter." After a time-out with 32 seconds left when Carolina was behind for the 12th time,

62-61, Guard Jimmy Black faked a pass to Perkins down low. The Georgetown defender at the point, Sleepy Floyd, fell for the fake, so Black reversed the ball to Michael Jordan on the left side.

Jordan, as ice-bucket cool as a 6' 5" freshman could be, had already contributed six baskets and nine rebounds. Now with 18 seconds to go, Jordan caught Black's pass in front of the Carolina bench. He was all alone. It was a play designed for him. He was right where he had imagined he would be on the bus ride over from the hotel, with the ball—and the game—in his hands. "I didn't see it go in," he said. "I didn't look at the ball at all. I just prayed." String music, choir.

Georgetown raced downcourt without calling a time-out. Guard Fred Brown had the ball. Floyd, the shooter, was in the corner. Eric Smith was floating backdoor. But Brown blanked out. With eight seconds left, Brown looked out of the corner of his eye, thought he saw Smith and threw a perfect pass chest-high. "But it wasn't him," said Brown later. "If I'd had a rubber band, I would've pulled it back."

It was Worthy who clutched the ball to his chest and then dribbled the other way, a phantom from Mardi Gras escaping into the Louisiana night.

Worthy was deliberately fouled at :02, and after a final Georgetown time-out, missed both free throws, proving he knows an anticlimax when he sees one. And then it was over. The closest NCAA championship game since 1959 and one of the best ever, was over.

For a moment Smith's privacy was breached. A hint of a tear appeared on a cheek. Smith refused supplications to take the final shreds of net, insisting that Black, the captain, do the honors. "I got my net," Smith said, holding a snippet. Then an admission: "Sitting on the bench, it really was just another game," he said. "But now it's not."

In the days before judgment night, Smith and Georgetown's John Thompson could have been a pair of talk-show celebrities, so effusive and benevolent were they to each other. Over the years they have become uncommonly close, regarding one another with a degree of respect and a trust that few coaches hold for another member of the profession. Smith integrated the North Carolina program—indeed, helped integrate Cha-

Ewing gives it, Ewing takes it away: Against UNC he had five goaltends, two blocks.

pel Hill itself. Thompson became the first black coach to make the Final Four and was proud of it, but he bristled at the slightest mention of this subject: "I don't want to be the first black nothing."

When Smith was selected as coach of the 1976 U.S. Olympic team, he chose Thompson as an assistant. Smith and Thompson exchange telephone calls about the little things: sneaker deals, recruiting prospects. "When the phone rings between one and two a.m., John's wife says she knows who it is," says Smith. John Thompson III, 15, attends Smith's summer basketball camp. Once Thompson even sent his ward, Donald Washington, to play for Smith.

Thompson allowed as how coaching with Smith at the Olympics was his "most refreshing experience." He said, "I've been a Dean Smith fan all my life." Thompson said if Smith's Final Four failures represented a monkey on Smith's back, it was a "helluva monkey. Can you imagine? Seven times the man's been here. I'd like to have that monkey." Most poignantly, Thompson said that playing against Smith for the championship would be, for him, a "no-lose situation."

Smith on Thompson: "As soon as you try to describe a close friendship, it loses something [in translation]. John is both a wonderful coach and a remarkable human being. Maybe he should run for President someday."

Just as cerebral, inventive coaches like Smith and Thompson have firmly imposed their styles and wills upon college basketball—this season finally taking the game away from the players and somehow making it less fun—so did they inject mystery in New Orleans.

Where was Smith? Unbeknownst to his own team, he was cozying out in the French Quarter, at the elegant St. Louis Hotel. And where was Thompson? Why, Biloxi, Miss., of course, a 1½ hour bus ride away. It's a feat to beat retreat to the Mississippi mud.

Georgetown's Eric Smith was asked if he missed staying in New Orleans. "I don't know what I've missed," he said. "Can't you see? I ain't here."

Smith was here, there and everywhere in the Hoyas' 50-46 semifinal victory over Louisville. As advertised, this was a menacing full-court-press-me, full-court-press-you defensive struggle. Good shots were hard to come by; in fact, with Ewing glaring down at one end and the vet-



Worthy was a smash against the Cougars and Hoyas: 14 of his 42 points came on dunks.

eran Cardinals, four of whom had starred on the 1980 NCAA champs, flying and flapping at the other, any shot was hard to come by.

In the other semifinal, Worthy appeared to have reached all the way across Orleans Parish and up to the farthest row of the Superdome for a sledgehammer of a slam early in the Tar Heels' 68-63

TKO of Houston. The crowd had barely settled in when North Carolina took a two-touchdown lead, 14-0. Moments later Worthy spun around one Cougar at half court, flashed past another at the circle, took off from the foul line and didn't parachute to earth until he had drilled the ball through the floor. Dr. J, move over for Dr. James.

*continued*

Though Houston rallied from that fatal to make a game of it—31-29 Carolina at the half—the Coogs could never recover from the 0-for-8 shooting of star Guard Rob Williams. "I never went scoreless even in my backyard," Williams said afterward.

And so it was on to the finals. "Everybody says Coach chokes in the Final Four, but we're finished with that song," Black said. "I'm tired of hearing it and I've only been here four years, so I know he's tired of it."

On Monday night before the game, Smith said he was as loose as he'd ever been. As the kindly Georgetown rooting section hollered, "Choke, Dean, choke," he even bantered with some journalists, showing them a depleted cigarette pack. "Fewer [smokes] today than for the Duke game," he said.

Shortly, it was Ewing who appeared on fire. The first four Carolina baskets weren't really hoops at all but goallending violations by Ewing, who was hurling about the place as if on a pogo stick. Talk about a Sultan of Swat. Eight minutes elapsed before the Tar Heels watched the ball go through the basket. After Smith saw fit to take the handcuffs off Worthy, the 6'9" junior pulled his team from a 14-10 deficit to a 22-22 tie all by himself.

By the time Georgetown established a 32-31 halftime lead on a preposterous fast break slam by Ewing, it was clear to all that this game was special. Thompson had even canceled his *I Love Lucy* attitude toward Smith by bellowing at the officials, "What're you telling me to sit down for? Don't let him [Smith] run the damn game."

The Hoyas maintained an edge until midway in the second half, when Floyd got cute with a scoop layup off another break. The basket would have given Georgetown a six-point lead, 49-43, and put Carolina on the run. As it was, Perkins hit from the side and Worthy scored three of the next four Heel baskets simply by swoop-jamming over Floyd, Ewing, and—the Hoyas having suddenly wised up—nobody at all. During this span Carolina also stiffened on defense. Ewing got his third and fourth fouls, and five free throws gave the Tar Heels a 59-56 lead with 5:32 left. Now Smith

Louisville held Sleepy to 13 points, but he awoke to score 18 against North Carolina.





could flash his spread-offense signals.

Jordan made a rainbow of a layup for a 61-58 Tar Heel margin, and the Hoyas had to get the ball to Ewing and Floyd. They did both; Ewing, who finished with 23 points and 11 rebounds, scored on

a turnaround and Floyd coaxed in a jumper from the lane for a 62-61 Hoya lead. That set the stage for Jordan's final shot and Worthy's defensive magic.

Smith was as classy in victory as he'd ever been in defeat. "I was outcoached

tonight," he said. "And I don't think I'm a better coach now because we've won a national. We're the same coach."

Wes Smith always shares the spoils. One for seven and back to Chapel Hill. Home, James. END



Tech's Jennifer White has a glad hand for Center Debra Rodman after the title game.

## The Rich Get Richer, High-Tech Style

Louisiana Tech steamed into Norfolk, Va. last week, opened up with its big guns and won the first NCAA women's basketball title. By sinking Tennessee 69-46 Friday night and then blasting the socks off Cheyney State's Lady Wolves 76-62 in Sunday's sold-out finals in Scope Arena, this bunch from the penny backwoods of Ruston, La. can lay claim to being the best team in the history of women's college basketball. The Lady Techsters finished with a 35-1 season. They have won 69 of their last 70 games, including 54 straight and the 1981 AIAW national championship before Old Dominion beat them on Jan. 29. In the last four years, with brawny Pam Kelly, a 175-pound 6-footer who has Adrian Dantley legs, and brassy Angela Turner, a 5' 8" pickpocket of a guard, the enormously talented and richly financed team has gone 143 and 10.

The Techsters are too much. Against Tennessee they didn't allow a field goal in the last 8½ minutes. And on Sunday, after Cheyney State built a stunning 16-8 lead, these rural-route Southerners went on a dazzling 22-8 eight-minute stretch. By halftime Tech led 40-26, and the rooters from Ruston were breaking out their national champion bumper

stickers and T-shirts. Lady Techster fans have a lot of confidence.

Maybe that's because they are the only club with two principal coaches. Sonja Hogg, 36, is listed as the head honcho; Leon Barmore, 37, as the associate. She's the sweet-talker, dazzling everyone with her plentiful jewelry and platinum-blond hairdo. He's sal-low, gruff and irascible.

While Tech has been to the Final Four on each of the previous four years, this was the first time the women's tournament has come under the aegis of the NCAA. Last year the NCAA just about wrested control of women's athletics from the founding mothers, the AIAW. The AIAW had a tournament, too—Ruigers beat Texas 83-77 in the title game in Philadelphia on Sunday—but the NCAA had 16 of the 20 top teams. So long, pioneers.

Hogg put together the first Lady Techster team in 1974. She decided in '77 that if the ladies were going to fly, they needed a no-nonsense pilot. Enter Barmore, a former Ruston High School coach. Now Sonja handles the public relations, the recruiting and any locker room tears. ("Hello, Miss New Hairdo," she will say to a player.) Barmore takes care of the blackboard chalk and game strategy and walks about with a morose expression.

"Hey, Leon," a fan yelled as Tech left Ruston last week. "Why don't you smile?"

Leon moved his grimace up a notch and muttered, "I won't smile till Sunday night."

"He's so intense," says Hogg, "that sometimes I wish he'd take up drinking."

Barmore keeps a low profile, a tough go for

someone who's such a basketball nut that he remembers the birth of his daughter, Rachel, as occurring on the night his old high school team won in double overtime. A few weeks ago Barmore was quoted as saying, "I hit the home runs. Sonja carries the bases." What's this, coachy dissonance? Not really. Claims Barmore, "The only thing that bothers me is the record—I'm still 0-0." Hogg's career mark is 217-46.

This record is the result of money, personal attention and players. The Louisiana Tech women's basketball budget is more than \$100,000, one of the country's biggest, and the school will open a new 8,000-seat field house in May. The team is deep and strong: All-Americans in Kelly and Turner, a silky smooth 6' 3" sophomore in Janice Lawrence, a point guard with all the no-look passes in 5' 4" Kim Mulkey and a whole lot more. "I've said all along that Tech has the best two teams in the country," said Tennessee Coach Pat Head Summitt last week.

On Friday, Cheyney State beat Maryland 76-66 behind Valerie Walker's 16 second-half points, setting up a championship game between the No. 1 and No. 2 teams in the rankings. Cheyney State had a 23-game win streak and a 28-2 overall record despite marching to a very different drummer. At Cheyney State, the wolf is perennially at the door of the Lady Wolves. None of the players has an athletic scholarship. Like the majority of the 2,500 students at the suburban Philadelphia school, which is predominantly black, most Cheyney players receive minority- and poverty-program financial aid. The Lady Wolves share practice time with their school's men's team in a cramped, cinder-block gym, and a good many of the athletic administrators are part-timers, volunteers and moonlighters. Even their mascot suit is rented. In Norfolk, Kyle Morris wore a scruffy wolf's head and a beer's bottom. "The regular costume already was out when I went to the store," he explained. Says Walker acidly, "This team runs on Reaganomics."

On Sunday Louisiana Tech just kept coming and coming, like an oil gusher, and wore down the outworned competition. Lawrence, who scored 16 in the first half, was named MVP, while Mulkey's passes put her on the All-Tournament team along with Lawrence and Kelly. Afterward the coaches had a TV interview. And guess what. As predicted, Barmore smiled. —BARRY McDERMOTT

# Classic Defense Did In The Defender

The 1982 NCAA hockey championship came down to the third period of the seventh game between the two best teams in the country. When it was all over, the victorious Fighting Sioux of the University of North Dakota were chanting giddily outside their dressing room: "No-no-no-sobody messes with the Green Machine! No-no-no-sobody messes with the Green Machine!" Not Badger Bob Johnson's erstwhile No. 1-ranked Wisconsin team, certainly not Northeastern's Huskies, and not even the biggest obstacle of all—the some 4,000 Badger fans and 130-piece band that had made the trip from Madison to Providence last week to see Wisconsin defend its national title. In a classically played final, North Dakota scored three third-period goals to beat the Badgers 5-2 and bring the college hockey title back to Grand Forks for the second time in three years and the fourth time in the school's history. Said tournament MVP Phil Sykes, the Sioux co-captain who had three goals in the championship game, "We were the one-two teams all year long. We knew to win we were going to have to beat Wisconsin. They wanted us and we wanted them."

North Dakota and Wisconsin, members of the six-team Western Collegiate Hockey Association, had already met six times this year. The Fighting Sioux, who finished with a 35-12-0 record, had won three of four games during the regular season, but in the WCHA playoffs three weeks ago in Grand Forks, the Badgers (35-11-1) triumphed 9-0 and 3-1 to win the league title. "We went for a tu-tu, it's as simple as that," said North Dakota Coach John (Gino) Gasparini last week.

"That 9-0 game was a blessing in disguise," said freshman James Patrick, the sensational 6' 2", 190-pound Sioux defenseman who last year was drafted in the first round by the New York Rangers. "We said to ourselves, 'We'll see who gets the last laugh.'"

In last Thursday night's semis, North Dakota drew Northeastern, which was making its first appearance in the NAAs. The 25-9-2 Huskies—heretofore known as the dogs of Huntington Avenue—were this year's Cinderella team. They had never won 20 games in a

season and, after losing 12 of their final 13 games in 1980-81, had been picked to finish 15th in the 17-team Eastern College Athletic Conference.

Northeastern was no match for North Dakota's huge, disciplined defense in a game that can only be described as plodding. The Sioux scored the first six goals and then coasted to a 6-2 victory. Afterward, Gasparini thanked the Wisconsin fans, who had cheered wildly for Northeastern, for "churning us on." Was he surprised that the Badger boosters would support an Eastern team over one from the WCHA? "They saw the Huskies wore red, so they cheered," he cracked. "They don't know any better."

The next night Wisconsin advanced to the finals with a 5-0 win over New Hampshire (22-14-0). The game was closer than the score suggests; the big difference was Terry Kleinsinger, the Badgers' sophomore goalie, who was outstanding, stopping 29 shots in getting the tournament's first shutout since 1972. Near the end of the game the Badger fans, a great sea of red at one end of the Providence Civic Center, rose and chanted, "We want Sioux! We want Sioux!" to the 100 or so green-clad North Dakota supporters sitting across the ice.

The North Dakota-Wisconsin rivalry is one of the most bitter in collegiate hockey. In 1977-78 a brawl erupted on the ice before a game, and when Johnson tried to break it up, he dislocated his little fin-

ger by catching it in a player's jersey. The injury required surgery after the season when Johnson, who loves golf only slightly less than he does hockey, discovered he couldn't grip a club properly. In that same fracas, A.G. Edwards, North Dakota's trainer, was punched in the nose and had to crawl off the ice. In February 1981 the teams got into another set-to before a game. "That time I said, 'The hell with it, let them brawl,'" says Johnson, mindful of his pinky.

The most recent fisticuffs occurred in January 1981 in Madison, when John Newberry, the Badgers' All-America center, squirted North Dakota Co-captain Cary Eades with water from a squeeze bottle as Eades skated past the Wisconsin bench. Eades went right in after Newberry, and the melee eventually spilled into the tunnels under the stands, where A.G. Edwards once again got involved.



Six players were ejected, and the North Dakota trainer picked up the nickname All Goon Edwards.

"When I hired Gino, I told him I didn't want our team to be intimidated by anyone, at home or on the road," says North Dakota Athletic Director Carl Miller. Miller himself certainly isn't. The night before the tournament began, Miller, who is called "Little Elroy" by the Madison press because he wears a brush cut like that of Wisconsin Athletic Director Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch, could be seen dancing on a table at the Players Pub in Providence. Undaunted by the presence of dozens of Badger backers, he was snapping, "I don't cut my hair like anybody."

One scout describes North Dakota as "the pro team of college hockey" because of the way it plays defense. "We teach various systems of blocking, picking and controlling your man," says Gasparini. "Preventing forward progress, preventing give-and-goes." In the four years Gasparini has coached the Sioux, they have made the NCAA finals three

After a fitful night that included a wee-hours jog, Eades (22) gave Wisconsin fans

times, always by stressing defense. "Anybody and everybody can play defense," he says. "The least talented player can identify with goals against. Physical hockey isn't a smash-'em-up thing, like everybody says about us. It's preventing forward progress."

How, then, does a team that stresses defense lose 9-0 on its own ice in the conference playoffs? "How did Team Canada, with its great defense, lose 8-1 last fall to the Russians?" asks Eades. "Everything Wisconsin did that night was golden."

Nearly everybody expected North Dakota to come out belting everyone in sight Saturday night, but instead the Sioux came out flying. "We had to take Wisconsin's band and fans away from them early," said Gasparini, "and the only way to do that was to come out with a rush." Glen White scored for North Dakota at 1:26 of the opening period, but 2½ minutes later the Badgers' Ron Vincent tied the score on a shot off the draw. It stayed that way until 1:09 of the second period, when North Dakota again silenced the Badger crowd with an early goal. It was almost identical to Vincent's

score, as Sioux center Gord Shervin won a face-off from Newberry, drawing the puck back to Sykes, who slapped a high shot past Kleinsinger. At 5:30 Newberry made the score 2-2 to set up the dramatic third period.

"I told the guys between periods that the best defensive team would win," said Gasparini. And so it was. Wisconsin had two good opportunities early in the final period, but the Badgers were stopped by North Dakota goalie Darren Jensen, who also was in the nets two years ago when the Sioux won the national championship. Jensen had played only two regular season games since mid-December, when he was in a car accident and had to be cut from his totaled vehicle by a Jaws of Life. "My head wasn't clear for a month," he says. He was reinstated in goal following the 9-0 drubbing by Wisconsin.

North Dakota's game-winner came at 6:27 of the third period when Sykes picked up a rebound and backhanded it into the open net. Eades, his roommate, would get the fourth goal before Sykes completed his hat trick at the 15-minute mark to close the scoring. Neither had slept well the night before. Eades had taken a 10-minute jog at 1 a.m. and then a hot bath to try to relax. When he still couldn't sleep, he took a hot shower. Finally, he went down to Edwards' room, where they talked until six, allowing Sykes a few hours of peace. Sykes, a senior, led the tournament in scoring, as he had as a sophomore, with four goals and three assists in two games.

But the real hero was Gasparini's defense, which held the Badgers, who had averaged 5.5 goals a game during the regular season, to 25 shots on goal, many from poor angles. In addition, North Dakota took only four penalties and stymied the vaunted Wisconsin power play on each occasion. The Badgers drew just five penalties. It was simply a wonderfully disciplined game. As the seconds ticked down and the outcome became clear, the Badger faithful, surely the best thing ever to happen to college hockey, had to amuse themselves by cheering. "We're more fun! We're more fun!"

But there was no doubt in their minds or anyone else's who was No. 1. **END**





## There Was Really Something Bruin

When defending champion Texas went flat, UCLA hopped to it, taking the NCAA swimming title with a win in the last event **by CRAIG NEFF**

**L**ate last Saturday evening, UCLA senior Bill Barrett stood on a starting platform at the Walter Schroeder Aquatic Center pool in a YMCA in Brown Deer, Wis. shrugging the considerable tension from his neck and shoulders. In three days of competition at the NCAA swimming and diving championships, Barrett had swum 11 races, had a hand in two of the three American records set at the meet and scored 54½ of the Bruins' 187 points. Now, in the meet's final event, the 400-yard freestyle relay, he would be undertaking his most important swim of all: at stake was UCLA's five-point lead in the standings over defending champion Texas, whose relay team—ranked first in the nation coming

into the meet—would swim in the lane to Barrett's left.

Not since 1974, when Southern Cal upset Indiana 339-338, had the team competition come down to the final event, and never had UCLA been so close to winning the title. In fact, the 1982 championships had been so wide open that before Saturday's finals it wasn't clear which one of four schools was the favorite. Texas, which had run away with the 1981 meet, was in front with 147 points, followed by the Bruins (127), foreigner-dominated California (126) and a young Stanford team (125) that three weeks earlier had defeated both UCLA and Cal for the Pac-10 title. "There's just no way it should be this

close," said the disgusted Texas coach, Eddie Reese, who had hoped to have the meet wrapped up by Friday night. The Longhorns had brought more swimmers and divers to Brown Deer than any other team—19 compared with UCLA's 10—but were swimming poorly; Reese, by his own admission, had slightly misjudged his athletes' training tapers. "Everybody is just that much off," he said, holding up a thumb and forefinger that were a fraction of an inch apart. "That's all it takes."

Cal, meanwhile, was getting every last point out of two Swedish Olympians, backstroker Bengt Baron and sprint freestyler Pelle Holmertz, and Stanford was doing the same with its 16 swim-

Bama's Arne Borgstrom, shown in an IM heat, left 'em goggle-eyed in his 1,650 win.

mers, 12 of whom were underclassmen. The Cardinal eventually finished third, without placing anyone higher than third in any event. "This doesn't surprise us at all," said Stanford Coach Skip Kenney, who in each of the past two years has gotten the nation's best group of freshmen. At Brown Deer, Kenney was also getting some startled looks: It wasn't his swimmers' heads that were shaved, but his own.

Barrett and another UCLA senior, Co-captain Robin Leamy, were starring in the most eye-catching team performance, however. Matters were going so well for the Bruins that on Saturday's 1,650 free, freshman Bruce Hayes, who had missed almost a month of the season with mononucleosis, came in third and sophomore Rafael Escalas, from Spain, whose qualifying time had been 18th among the 18 entrants, was fifth. Those performances gave UCLA 22 points.

Leamy, generally considered the fastest sprint swimmer in the world, was having the meet of his life. He won the 50 free by .01 over Holmertz on Thursday night, 19.85 to 19.86, after clocking the second-best time ever, 19.57, in the afternoon preliminaries. The only better time is his own American record of 19.36, set last year. Leamy also won the consolation final of the 100 butterfly on Friday, good for seventh place in the event, and in Saturday's prelims of the



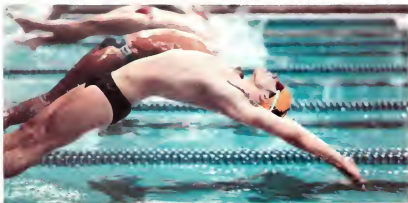
UCLA's Leamy was ecstatic after swimming a 42.40 anchor leg in the 400-free relay.

400-free relay, his 42.32 anchor leg—.06 better than the U.S. record for the 100-yard free—gave the Bruins an American record (2:53.85) by .01. Although Leamy couldn't match that time in Saturday's 100 free final, he still won the race easily, in 43.59, again over Holmertz. "I don't think this pool is really fast, for sprint

times at least," said Leamy, who would have one last chance to test it while anchoring the meet-ending relay.

Leamy is a friendly, soft-spoken young man with a predictable interest in water: His New Zealand-born father, Brian, is an executive for Starkist Tuna. "My mother has prepared tuna any continued

In the 200 backstroke, Carey (foreground) got a jump on the opposition on his way to one of the Longhorns' two individual victories.





Two Bruin heroes: Barrett (above), once "a derelict," won the 200 IM in an American record 1:45.00, while Silva was golden on the second leg of the 400-freestyle relay.



which way you can, from casseroles to tuna hamburgers," says Leamy. "I'm tired of eating it, really." Sorry, Charlie. Because of his job, Brian Leamy and his half-Samoan, half-Scottish wife, Vini, have shuttled their family between New Zealand, Puerto Rico, Samoa and California, where they now reside, in Palos Verdes Estates. Until two years ago, Robin, born in Samoa, was a citizen of New Zealand. "It's all too confusing," he says.

Leamy usually wins his races by taking the lead at the gun and then hanging on. "I guess I have what they call explosive starting reaction," he says. Leamy also is on the Bruins' water polo team; last year he was the second-leading goal scorer. "It's a good change," he says. "There's a lot of sameness in swimming."

"If you look, you'll notice that Robin always wears the same Marlboro baseball cap at meets," said Barrett on Thursday after winning the 200-yard individual medley. His time of 1:45.00 had reduced his own U.S. record by .01 and the victory had given him his fourth NCAA title. That's quite an accomplishment for someone who gave up swimming and started hanging out with the wrong crowd when he entered high school in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. and became what he calls "a derelict." Only when his family moved to the Cincinnati area before his junior year did he straighten himself out and again take up the sport seriously.

Barrett knows his caps because he and his two roommates collect them. Although Barrett has about 70 to choose from, he always dons the same dingy blue-and-gold job, one that a roommate got long ago at a track meet. "I wore this for my first NCAA championship," Barrett says. "It's comfortable." He has a collection of roughly 60 beer bottles also, each of a different brand. For what it's worth, he can name his favorite brews quicker than he can his hat size.

The meet in Brown Deer presented the final two episodes in the three-year-long series of NCAA breaststroke duels between Barrett and U.S. record-holder Steve Lundquist, an SMU junior. In both Friday's 100 and Saturday's 200, Lundquist was able to hold off Barrett—but barely. "He's been a good friend and a great competitor. We've pushed each other harder than anybody else in the sport," said Lundquist, who has won five of their six matchups. Yet as much fire as Lundquist has seen in Barrett's eyes over

*continued*

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**PERFORMANCE ABOVE ALL**

Ahh, the beer with the taste for food!



the years—and because Barrett's eyes are always bloodshot at meets, that fire sometimes seems real—Barrett had never been more intense than when waiting for the start of the 400-free relay.

Barrett got off the block so fast in the relay that he had a two-foot lead on Texas as sophomore John Smith before they had swum halfway down the 25-yard pool. The team-scoring race was quite simple: If Texas won the relay, it would win the meet. Otherwise, barring a complete breakdown by UCLA, the Bruins would triumph.

All 1,000 fans in the Schroeder Center were on their feet screaming as Barrett completed his leg three-fourths of a body length ahead of Smith. His split of 43.49 would have been good enough to win the evening's 100-free final. It also left Barrett exhausted. He dragged himself out of the pool and slumped on the deck.

UCLA sophomore Chris Silva, perhaps the best black sprinter ever, widened the gap against Longhorn freshman John Pohl. "Nobody was taking that from me," said Silva later. "Nobody." Stuart MacDonald, a 6' 7" junior, then brought the Bruins through the third leg with nearly a one-second lead. With Leamy up for UCLA, the only hope for Texas was a miracle performance by junior Eric Finical.

Finical, who had pulled out a victory for the Longhorns in Thursday's 400 medley relay with a superb anchor swim, lives in a different sort of animal house in Austin with three junior teammates. Breastroker Nick Nevid and butterfly William Paulus like to roam along nearby streams and in local woods hunting for snakes. They catch them with their bare hands and bring them home. Another housemate, Clay Britt, who won his third consecutive 100 backstroke title on Friday, prefers fish. Last Saturday morning he went to a Milwaukee pet shop and bought six piranhas to take back to Austin. "I have life insurance on them all—in my name," says Reese of his swimmers.

In another sense, the Texas team as a whole is unusual. It has an overall grade-point average of 3.0, has no physical education majors and engages in word play more often than video games on road trips. Butterfly Todd Crosset, a philosophy major, has been known to pass the time translating Plato into English. And what kept the Longhorns in the meet on

Saturday night weren't so much outstanding swimmers—freshman Rick Carey did win the 200 backstroke—as good dives. While none of the three other contending teams had qualified any divers for Brown Deer, Texas had brought two, freshman Matt Scoggin and sophomore Dave Lindsey, and they got the Longhorns nine points.

Finical closed out the Texas relay with an excellent 43.23 split, but Leamy, in his final collegiate swim, turned in a stunning 42.40. He touched at 2:53.15; the Bruins had not only won the team championship but, in the process, had also taken .70 off their seven-hour-old American record.

In the poolside bleachers, where the Longhorns and Bruins were sitting next to each other, the contrast was between gloom and absolute frenzy. UCLA Coach Ron (Stix) Ballatore was embracing a mob of swimmers and old friends. Suddenly he looked toward the far end of the Aquatic Center, where the scoreboard was placed on the three-meter diving platform. "I have to get a picture of that. I have to," he said, as though he doubted what he saw. The scoreboard read:

UCLA	219
TEXAS	200
STANFORD	191
CALIFORNIA	170

As Barrett climbed out of the pool after his warm-down, Escalas, crying openly, hugged him. "I love you, Billy, I love you," he said, over and over. Ballatore then did the same thing, spoke the same words.

"The memories of this, of my races with Steve, they'll keep me warm late at night when I'm an old man," said Barrett. Said Florida senior Craig Beardsley, the only swimmer besides Barrett to set an individual American record in the meet—he reduced his 200 butterfly mark from 1:44.15 to 1:44.10—"There was a strange thing about this meet. Usually at the NCAAs you have all sorts of new faces, guys you never heard of, swimming phenomenal times. Here it was all the old guys, the familiar names, that won."

Two names are all too familiar to opposing coaches. "I'm going to UCLA's graduation in person this spring," Kenney had said even before the meet began. "I want to make sure that Barrett and Leamy are gone."

END



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**T**om Kite dives into no lakes. He doesn't hit booming tee shots, utter memorable wisecracks or use costumer golf balls. He doesn't dominate major championships, or win very many week-to-week tournaments, either. What he does do as well as anybody on the PGA Tour is show up on leaderboards. Tom Kite is terrific on leaderboards.

ters in which he has competed as a touring professional. He has been among the top six in five of those years. He has tied for third place once and wound up fifth three different times. In order, he tied for 10th (1975), tied for fifth (1976), tied for third (1977), tied for 18th (1978), was fifth alone (1979), tied for sixth (1980) and tied for fifth (1981).

Not long ago Kite was saying, "It's a peculiar thing. Augusta isn't really the kind of course I should play well. I just get pumped up, I guess."

Not the kind of course Kite should play well? Kite shouldn't play as well as 100 other pros on any of the courses on the tour, but he does. He shouldn't have won more than \$1 million in prize mon-

## ***Tale Of A High-Flyin' Kite***

Will Tom Kite, top money winner in golf last year, finally take home a major? Would we string you along?

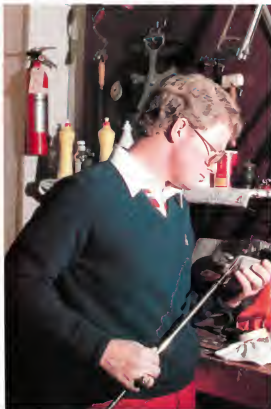
by **DAN JENKINS**

Last year Kite's virtuosity on the leaderboards made him the tour leader with \$375,699 in winnings. He won the Vardon Trophy with a stroke average of 69.80 per round; only Sam Snead, Ben Hogan and Lee Trevino have recorded lower figures. He started 26 tournaments and made the cut 26 times; through the first dozen tournaments of this year, his no-cut string had grown to 44, counting nine in 1980. In 1981 he was in the top 10 21 times and eighth or better in a record 10 straight events and 17 of his last 18. Another name for all those statistics is consistency.

Kite, who is 32, is consistent about something else, too: not winning a whole lot. In 10 seasons of campaigning he has won at Bay Hill this year, at Inverrary last year, at the B.C. Open in 1978 and at the Bicentennial in 1976. And that's all, folks.

But because Kite's game has been consistently improving, there is a body of opinion among his fellow pros that he's about due to shake at least a part of his image by winning a major—next week's Masters, for instance. In fact, the biggest surprise would be if Kite didn't turn out to be a contender in Augusta.

The proof, again, is in the consistency of his numbers. Kite has finished among the top 10 in six of the past seven Mas-





ey since 1973, his rookie year, but he has. He shouldn't be more successful at the game than Ben Crenshaw, but he is. And he shouldn't keep frequenting the leaderboards, but he no doubt will.

There are two big reasons why he will. One is that Kite will continue to outwork almost everyone in the game, which is what he has always done. "I'd say Tom Watson and I have worked harder than anybody," he says. The other reason is that Kite wants to succeed very badly. In sport, that old intangible called want-to has been around as long as natural ability, and in the game of life, as well as in

the game of golf, the want-to's have whipped up on the naturals more times than not.

This is not to imply that Kite is the only player on the tour who carries desire and tenacity in his golf bag, although he is one of the few players who carry three wedges. While he doesn't do any one thing spectacularly well—drive, hit irons, scramble or putt—he does everything he has to do plenty well enough.

"If I have a strength," Kite says, "I suppose it has to be that I don't have any big hole in my game. That's what I've been working toward, at least."

Kite is, in fact, arguably the tour's best all-around player. He finished among the top seven golfers in six of the PGA Tour's nine statistical categories for 1981: driving accuracy (7), saves from sand traps (6), greens hit in regulation (5), par breakers (5), birdies (2) and scoring (1). "He has no glaring weakness," says fellow pro Lanny Wadkins. "Tom Watson can hit the ball off the world—Livingston couldn't find some of his drives. Gary Player sometimes hooks badly off the tee. Johnny Miller has never been a great chipper. Jack Nicklaus had trouble with his wedge and sand shots until the last couple of years. But Kite has no problems, so he's always going to score well. If one part of his game is down, he'll make up with another."

Kite started working hard on his golf game in Austin, Texas, when he was about 13 years old and found out there was an 11-year-old in town who could beat him. The younger kid was Crenshaw. In a sense, Kite has been competing against Crenshaw, and Crenshaw's charisma, ever since.

"Ben was glamorous-looking and a long hitter, with a picture swing, the kind of game everybody likes," Kite says. "I was short off the tee and fat, grinding away, down the middle, on the green, one or two putts. The other thing was, when you're the older of two kids, you're supposed to win. Losing to Ben was embarrassing in that respect for a while."

But Kite didn't decide to become a touring pro just because of Crenshaw.

*continued*

Kite feeds his passion for club repair in workshops like this at the Phoenix Open.



Stephanie joined the tour at Hilton Head.

#### TOM KITE *continues*

Golf had been the major theme in his life since he was a 6-year-old in Dallas and banging away at the ball with a set of cut-down clubs. His father, who worked for the IRS, built a putting green in the backyard and informed Tom that the greens were where the money and the glory were to be found. Getting to the green as quickly as everyone else would be Kite's big problem, and that's where his biggest efforts have gone.

As an amateur, he found he could get by with a flat swing and a dinky hook off the tee. After his sophomore year at the University of Texas he was runner-up by a stroke to Waddkins in the U.S. Amateur. In 1971 he made the Walker Cup team. In 1972 he tied with Crenshaw for the individual title in the NCAA, perhaps the toughest of all amateur tournaments to win. Then he turned pro and got through the tour qualifying school on his first try, no small achievement for a guy with a dinky hook. Not to mention tiny hands and the fact that he has abysmal vision ("about 20-480"). Kite's father might well have touted him off the tour had not Jay and Lionel Hebert urged him to give Tom a chance. "They said that if I talked him out of golf, he'd always hold me responsible," says Kite Sr.

Here is how the decision has paid off: He was Rookie of the Year in 1973 and

made the top 60 exempt list (he was 56th). The following year he leaped to 26th on the money list. Last year he made it all the way to the top. Bill Rogers banked more on a global scale, but Kite's \$375,699 was unique in another way. He became the first player since 1955 to lead in earnings over a year while winning only one tournament. All in all, Kite has a record for consistency that hasn't been approached since Dow Finsterwald was picking up all those second-place checks behind Arnold Palmer, Gene Littler and Billy Casper. "If people want to compare me with Finsterwald, I'll take it," Kite says. "That's not bad company."

Like Finsterwald, Kite has proved remarkably easy to overlook. He is 5' 8½" and 155 pounds, and he stays fairly well hidden beneath his Amana visor and behind his tinted glasses. And even when the visor comes off, it's difficult to believe you're looking at a touring pro. With his wavy blond hair, pink face and polite smile, you get the feeling that he would have more credibility as a Kappa Sig pledge captain, or perhaps the youngest loan officer at your bank.

#### JENKINS DOPES THE MASTERS

**1. TOM WATSON**—Two-time winner, best putter in the game. Would win just to get back at the media he loves to hate.

**2. JERRY PATE**—Most talented player around, could win any week. But he'll have to dive into a bowl of red-eye gravy.

**3. SEVE BALLESTEROS**—Nearest to Pate in all-around ability. Tee shots don't often get lost at Augusta and Seve's won here before.

**4. RAY FLOYD**—They call him "Tempo Raymondo." Old Mr. Steady. He shares the 72-hole record with Nicklaus.

**5. LANNY WADKINS**—When he's hot, he's the hottest, and he knows how to win majors.

**6. TOM KITE**—If getting up and down is the key, Kite's your man.

**7. CRAIG STADLER**—The wild bull of the fairways hasn't won a major, but he will. Having a great year.

**8. JOHNNY MILLER**—If the fairways offer perfect lies, watch out for this deadly iron player. He's been close before.

**9. BILL ROGERS**—Best shotmaker in the game, but length could be a problem for him.

**10. JACK NICKLAUS**—Over the hill but not so far away. He's only won this one five times.

Kite's dedication to playing better golf often finds him laboring into the evenings. A lot of pros have been known to practice putting on the old Marmont carpet, but Kite has a machine to help him, a little black box. One can imagine Kite, his wife, Christy, and their 6-month-old daughter, Stephanie, all staring at this electronic wonder instead of watching *Hill Street Blues*. Kite's little black box is a Teacher Alignment Computer, a TAC. It shoots a ray of light at a mirror attached to Kite's putter. The ray bounces back to the machine and sets off a green, yellow or red light. If the green flashes, the putt is within one degree of being perfectly square to the target. Less so if yellow. Terrible if red.

Before getting to the little black box in the evening, however, Kite has generally used up the last glimmer of daylight to hit practice balls or to chip and putt. "It's a habit," he says. "I can't leave a golf course without hitting some balls, no matter how well I've scored that day." He always warms down after a round with the same routine, a variation on the way he warms up for one. Putting first, then wedge shots, irons and woods—and wedges and puts again.

Here again Kite's penchant for consistency shows through. "Tom does everything the same way," says Mark Hayes, a fellow pro and friend. "He swings the same, keys on the same things, walks at the same speed."

"The bass of his game is to be repetitive—to do the same things on Sunday that he did on Thursday," says Kite's caddy, Mike Carrick. "When play is slow in a tournament, he walks extra slow so he won't have to stand around. We find if you walk fast you'll swing fast. The tendency is to get pumping and be too fast in everything you do. There's a fine line—you want to keep the momentum going, but you don't want to get too far ahead of yourself."

Kite decided to put three wedges in his bag after he and Christy carefully studied his shotmaking over a six-month period. Christy, a former junior high school math teacher and Arizona State varsity golfer, kept stats of every tournament shot he played and where it was played from, and Tom plotted them on a chart. This led them to the conclusion that Tom needed a special club for 60-yard third shots into par-5 holes that he couldn't ever reach in two blows like the Nicklauses and Watsons—and Cren-

*continued*

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shows. Thus, he carries a regular sand club, a regular pitching wedge, and a third sand wedge for fairway pitch shots. While he may have left out the one-iron and two-iron, he's not exactly without long irons. His three-iron is bent to a two-iron loft, and his four-iron is bent to a 3½-iron, and there is a joke among the other players on the tour that his five-iron is bent to a 2½-iron.

This rejiggering of his equipment to suit his own particular need was accomplished by Kite himself in the club-repair shop he and his father built in the basement of Kite's home in Austin. Other golfers may list "hunting and fishing" as their interests in the tour guide. Kite says "club repair."

If 3½-irons sounds like analytical overkill, it's nothing compared to how Kite prepared himself to go out there with the big guys in the first place. Soon after turning pro, he went to Bob Toski, one of the game's better teachers, and told Toski he wanted a new golf game. He wanted to get rid of the dinky hook, he wanted to learn how to get the ball "up," he wanted a new grip—the works.

"He wanted everything changed," Toski remembers. "His posture, his playing position—a complete overhaul. I told him there weren't any shortcuts, and he said he didn't want to take any shortcuts. I think all the work he put in is why he's so consistent today."

"Christy didn't know me then," Kite says. "She didn't know how I used to look or swing when I was an amateur. One night I was showing a film at home and I said this player on the screen was runner-up to Wadkins in the National Amateur, and he's on the tour now. Who is it?"

Christy didn't know. It was, of course, Tom Kite.

And it was—hold the "of course"—Kite who won last month's Bay Hill tournament, when he got into a playoff with Nicklaus and a South African named Denis Watson in typical Kite fashion, by hitting a beautiful bunker shot on the 72nd hole to save a par. He then took the playoff by chipping in for a birdie on the first sudden-death hole. But if you say Kite was lucky at Bay Hill, you would also have to admit he was terribly unlucky earlier at both Palm Springs and Inverrary. He was a sure winner at Palm Springs until Ed Fournier holed a 35-foot putt in the playoff to beat him. Then at Inverrary he was the only player staying

out of trouble while George Burns and Hale Irwin were getting into it, and another playoff involving Kite seemed a certainty. That was before Irwin hit a seeing-eye shot out of the trees and up onto the 18th green and near enough to the pin to put in a winning birdie.

"I don't think it's exaggerating to say I should have won twice this year, and I could have won three times already," Kite says. "It happens to other players. I hope it's going to start happening to me."

Last year's Memphis Classic may have been the biggest heartbreaker of all. For all four rounds Kite played the finest tee-to-green golf of his life. But Jerry Pate got to drive in the lake.

Kite and Pate were paired in the last round, and when they got to the 71st hole Pate held a one-shot lead. But it seemed certain that Kite would pull even because Pate faced a 30-foot putt to save par and hold his lead. Pate sunk the putt, and what that meant was that Kite would have to try to catch up on the last hole, a par-5 where he would be at a horrible disadvantage because of his length off the tee.

Kite hustled a driver and a three-wood but the closest he could come to reaching the green was a bunker 40 yards out. Pate hit a driver and laid up short of the green with a five-iron. Both Kite and Pate were aware of the same thing: A 40-yard bunker shot is the toughest shot in golf. And Kite had to get up and down from that bunker to have any hope of forcing a playoff.

As far as Pate was concerned, the tournament was over, so as the two of them walked up the 18th fairway, Pate, forever babbling, said, "You know, Tom, I could have reached the green easy, I'm so fired up. But I was afraid I'd hit a four-wood over the TV tower." Replied Tom, "Jerry, you play your game and I'll play mine."

Never one to miss an opening for a wisecrack, Pate said, "Well, get on over in that bunker and play your game then."

Looking back on the incident, Pate said, "I thought I'd put him away with my mouth, but that son of a gun hit the greatest bunker shot I ever saw. He put it

within 10 feet of the cup and then he damn near made the putt."

Damn near. A good title for the story of Kite's career so far.

Because he has flirted so much with winning without winning, Kite's reputation has suffered. He is perceived as too cautious a player, a percentage golfer, a man who cares only for survival. This, of course, isn't true.

"It kills me to lose," Kite says. "It kills all of us out here. Some guys may think because I've been close so often I'm willing to settle for that. I'm not, I haven't."



At the Crosby, Kite had a presidential overseer.

yet played the golf I'm capable of. People who think I've gotten all I can out of my ability don't really know me."

Another thing bothers Kite. There are players who say he doesn't take chances, that he doesn't always go for it, as Crenshaw does.

"It's hard to take a chance when you can't reach the green in the first place," Kite says mournfully.

But he has no trouble reaching the leaderboards. And even Ben Crenshaw might trade a little charisma for that these days.

Finally the walkway is empty, and Floyd glides through a series of 60-yard sprints, preparing for an indoor meet four days hence in Cleveland. There, in the 55-meter dash, he will establish his third world indoor record (6.10) of 1982.

or June, when he peaks," says Cougar Sprint Coach Clyde Duncan. And what Duncan envisions "are some pretty big things."

It would appear that the outwardly ebullient Floyd has life by the tail. He's

## In The Fast Lane Again

This season Stanley Floyd proved himself to be the No. 1 sprinter indoors. Now he wants to regain that same ranking outdoors **by CRAIG NEFF**

A drizzly Tuesday afternoon has driven two University of Houston teams into Hofheinz Pavilion to train. Cougar football players are running laps on a concrete walkway that rings the basketball arena. Stanley Floyd, a Houston junior, is up there, too, with his track teammates, waiting for the last lumbering lineman to finish and clear out. As several burly players thump past, Floyd reads their splits off an imaginary stopwatch. "Mon-day, Tues-day, Wednesday!" he calls out, as if these are tenths. Everyone laughs. Floyd likes that. "January, February, March!" he yells.

"You coming out for the team next year?" one of the football players shouts over to Floyd. Surprisingly, the player's tone isn't threatening but hopeful. Floyd, perhaps the fastest man in the world, could be devastating for the Cougars as a wide receiver or kick returner. He certainly could withstand the rigors of Southwest Conference ball; he's 5'9 1/2" and a thickly muscled 168 pounds. And he has outstanding leaping ability and is dexterous enough to type 60 words per minute. But what Floyd wants to play is pro football—that's where the money is—after winning the 100-meter dash at the 1984 Olympics. "Give me security first," says Floyd. "Treat me like Herschel [Walker]. He gets my publicity at track meets. Give me his \$1 million insurance policy. Then I'll go out there for you. I'll go out there, point down to this leg and say, 'Break it!'" He laughs.

"I've run several world records right here in practice," he says. "I've been timed in 5.5 for the 60 in here." Floyd is serious in making this claim. A 5.5 60 would be more than half a second better than his world record of 6.04. A conservative conversion of that time would compute out to an 8.2 100-yard dash. "Well," says Floyd, "I do feel I'm the greatest indoor sprinter ever to come along." Now, he's deadly serious.

As well he should be. Floyd won all but one of his seven indoor races this winter and now holds the world indoor mark for 50 yards (5.22), as well as for 60 yards (6.09) and 55 meters (6.10). The only indoor sprint records he hasn't broken are the 50- and 60-meter marks held, respectively, by USC's James Sanford (5.61) and the semiretired Houston McTear (6.54). Floyd's outdoor credentials are impressive, too. He was ranked first in the world at 100 meters in 1980, when he set a world junior record of 10.07, and he was rated fifth last year, with a best of 10.10, despite persistent hamstring injuries. Floyd is the early favorite to win the NCAA 100 title at Provo, Utah in June, and as the outdoor season gets into full swing this weekend, he'll begin working toward regaining the world's No. 1 ranking from his Houston teammate, Carl Lewis. "What I envision for Stanley won't happen until late May

Floyd won six of seven sprints and set three world marks on the indoor circuit in 1982.



engaged to marry Delisa Walton, a half-miler for the University of Tennessee, on June 26, and he's doing all right—a 2.9 average—in his studies toward a degree in communications. "I'm thinking TV," he says. "On radio, people don't see you. That's not me." He starts waving his arms wildly. "Cameras! Lights! Action! Fade in! Right here!"

And though Floyd's family isn't well off, he drives around Houston in his own

Mercedes 240D diesel (license plate: FLOYD 1) and has an impressively furnished two-bedroom apartment all to himself. "Curious, isn't it?" he asks a visitor, with a smile. Floyd seems excessively conscious of money and material objects; this he denies—and denies and denies. He contends that except for his dozens of warmup suits and pairs of track shoes—his usual attire for everything from classes to semiformal dinners—none of

his very apparent affluence has come through the broadly acknowledged system of under-the-table payments to world-class runners. Floyd says that his three older brothers—Louis, 28, manager of the West Building Supply Company in Albany, Ga.; Walter, 26, a technician at the Albany Procter & Gamble plant; Karl, 23, a mental health caseworker in Houston—have provided him with his luxuries. "They look at me like a pro

*continued*





**STANLEY FLOYD** *continued*

football player," he says. "I'm at the top of my field, and they think I should live that way. They say, if the press won't build you up, we will."

There is, you see, disaffection beneath Floyd's ever-present grin. "You can go around with a smile on your face and nobody ever knows what's within," he says. Bitterness lingers in him from an unpleasant year he spent attending—and departing from—Auburn, and he feels he hasn't received enough favorable attention. "I'm the most underpublicized sprinter there is," he says.

Floyd may stand only 5' 9½", but on a basketball court he can become 10 feet tall.

Floyd is more content at Houston than he was at Auburn, yet he tends to stay in his apartment, watching TV, talking on the phone to his fiancée in Knoxville for several hours each night, listening to jazz and lifting weights in his spare bedroom. His closest friends are brother Karl and several cousins, all of whom live within a few miles of Houston's main campus. And though sprinting is Floyd's primary interest, he says, "I'll be honest with you. Meeting Delisa is the only true happiness I've ever gotten out of truck and field."

Floyd grew up with his three brothers, his sister, Jennifer, now 19, and his mother, Rosa, a cook, in the tiny (pop. 750) southwest Georgia town of Putney. He was raised, he says, in "a neighborhood of relatives"; his grandparents and four families of aunts, uncles and cousins all lived on a 135-acre plot owned by Stanley's grandfather. Stanley's father, James, a career Marine, moved away when Stanley was a young child; he's bitter about that, too. "But my mother raised—I mean reared—us proper," he says. "It wasn't elegance but we ate well. All my brothers went to college, and none of us was a hoodlum." Here Floyd goes into a Richard Nixon imitation: "I am not a crook."

Floyd's playmates were, almost exclusively, brothers and cousins. "We were all brothers, really," says cousin Kelvin Terry, 21, who shares an apartment in Houston with Karl. The boys in this extended family were always together playing games or hunting rabbit and squirrel or racing on foot or motorbike around the quarter-mile dirt oval on the Floyd property. Stanley could keep up only for short distances in races with his older brothers, all of whom became outstanding high school milers or half-milers. He was also the sissy, the quitter of the group. "They said I had sugar in my gas tank," he says.

The first time Floyd and two of his cousins ventured from their closed social circle, to play Little League baseball, they were met head on by racism. "We were told straight out that we weren't wanted," says Floyd. "We were the only ones told. We also happened to be the league's only blacks." Floyd, who maintains his first love in athletics was baseball, has not played the game since.

Still, Floyd's whole life revolved around sports. He was a running back and defensive back in junior high and a flanker at Dougherty High, where "they didn't have anybody to throw me the ball." He won several local powerlifting and weightlifting titles in the 148-pound class. He drag-raced, too, on the streets of Albany, first in an old Chevy Malibu and later in a Vega. "This wasn't a normal Vega," he says. "The engine had been worked on and everything." Floyd also bowled in the 180s, came to dunk a basketball with ease and developed into a good swimmer.

Kelvin Terry says that "the Floyd name was known in running before Stanley came along," referring to the 880 and mile performances of Louis, Walter and Karl. Louis, for example, once ran a 4:06 mile while a student at Albany (Ga.) State and now is an excellent road racer. Stanley, however, struggled with even middle distances. "It was pure agony," he says. One day during his sophomore year in high school, Stanley's miling career suddenly—and mercifully—ended. He raced and defeated the school's sprint coach in a 100-yard fun run and was timed in 9.9.

The following year, on a dirt track, Floyd ran a 9.3 100 from a standing start. "I didn't use blocks until my senior year because I figured I was running fast enough without them," he says. By the end of his high school career in 1979, Floyd had won 54 straight sprints and state 100- and 220-yard-dash titles. None of Floyd's high school success, however, prepared anyone for what he would do in 1980 as an Auburn freshman.

"We'd expected Stanley to be a good sprinter," says Auburn Coach Mel Rosen. "He wasn't good. He was great." Floyd became the most valuable member of the Auburn team, consistently scoring points in the 100-meter dash, the 200, the 400, and the 400 and mile relays. He set his world junior record in the 100 and won every individual 100 he ran, including the SEC and NCAA championships.

In the summer after his first collegiate season, Floyd had 100-meter victories in The Athletics Congress outdoor championships, the Olympic Trials and 13 of 15 meets in Europe and China. Twice he defeated 1980 Olympic 100-meter gold medalist Allan Wells of Great Britain. Floyd, who had been virtually unknown outside of Georgia just a year before, had

become a celebrity. He was the world's fastest human.

That stunning development was succeeded by another shocker. In early September, a week after returning from China and two days after classes had begun at Auburn, Floyd went to the registrar's office and dropped all his courses. "The walls fell in," he says. "I was accused of taking money in Europe and getting a big head and being ungrateful. I was marked 'Brand X.' No good. Coach Rosen had created a monster, and that monster had rose up and ate Auburn."

Floyd just didn't like Auburn. He felt he'd been pressured into going there by family and friends back in Putney, which is 160 miles south of the school, where Tiger alumni are plentiful and persuasive. "The boosters held these meetings all the time to talk about what a nice college it was," says Floyd. His relatives found the meetings convincing. Though he could not decide between Auburn and South Carolina, everyone he knew preferred Auburn. "People were like, 'Hurry, stick the pen in your hand and sign,'" Floyd says. On May 1, 1979, the day he was scheduled to endorse a letter of intent to Auburn, Floyd was still having second thoughts. He called a friend, telling him he was reconsidering. Even when Auburn Assistant Coach Mike Muka arrived, Floyd was hesitant. A photograph in the next morning's *Albany Herald* showed Floyd at the signing, smiling thinly, pen in hand, with his uncle Joe James watching over one shoulder, grandmother Mary Floyd looking over the other and Rosa Floyd observing from one side.

Auburn is an isolated, overwhelming white—by a 30-to-1 ratio—school, and Floyd, who retained a vivid memory of that day at Little League tryouts, did not feel comfortable there. He became depressed by what he considered the lack of social life. Floyd is normally an entertaining young man who speaks rapidly and with great animation and emphasis. At Auburn, however, he kept to himself. "It was dead," he says. "There weren't parties. Nothing. The closest place to go was Tuskegee, maybe 20 miles away, and my car was broken." The Vega had finally blown its motor from the strain of drag racing.

"Stanley kept talking about going into the Army," says Rosen, now in his 19th year as the Tigers' coach. "He's from a



Rosen's reliance on Floyd has cost him.

very poor family and he needed money to fix his car. He wanted some pocket money, too. He seemed very concerned with making money."

"I don't want to complain, but how does three dollars' meal money sound on trips?" says Floyd. "You can't buy eggs for that most places. Not eggs and toast."

Rosen says Floyd was an exemplary team member during most of Auburn's spring schedule. "Maybe he felt overworked, but Stanley never came to me and begged out of a single workout or race," he says. "Perhaps he's forgotten that we didn't run hard on weekdays. We only ran hard on weekends." Floyd recalls it differently, saying he felt he had to carry too much of the Tigers' burden. "Before a meet [Rosen] would go to a board and write out how many points he expected from each of us. Bam, bam, bam, bam. It was determined. If you didn't get your points, you had failed. He always had me down for some ridiculous number, like 18 in the conference meet." (Floyd, in fact, scored 18½ in the SEC outdoor championships.)

During his travels in the summer of '80, Floyd often asked Carl Lewis, who would be a sophomore at Houston that fall, why he chose the school. "You got the impression that he was shopping around," says Lewis. "I told him Houston was what you made it. The opportu-

nities were there." Floyd also talked to Rosen, who coached the U.S. national team on the trip to China. "Stanley said that if he came back to Auburn he wanted to be able to pick and choose his races," Rosen says. "I told him that was impossible. He was part of the team, and he would do whatever the team needed. Otherwise he might as well start looking somewhere else." Former Auburn sprinter Harvey Glimco, a friend and mentor of Floyd's, warned Rosen that Floyd was already doing just that. And when Floyd discovered that there would be no new sprinters to share the load, he made up his mind to leave Auburn.

Rosen, and many others, believe that Floyd's sudden success against world-class opposition and his tour of the lucrative European track circuit did indeed go to his head. "Let's put it this way," says Rosen. "If those things hadn't happened, Stanley would still be here." That Floyd had returned to Auburn driving a new Mazda RX-7—another gift from his brothers, he says—only made him seem all the more worldly. And Floyd admits he "was looking for a place where I'd get more exposure."

Actually, his withdrawal from Auburn got him plenty of pub—but not the kind he wanted. "I learned two things about leaving a school," he says. "One, you lose almost all your friends. Two, the press will do you in." Floyd claims he was misquoted frequently and that Ro-

covered



Floyd and Tennessee runner Delisa Walton look forward to a June meet at the altar.



STANLEY FLOYD continued

sen was being given all the credit for his rise to fame. "Coach Rosen didn't make me great," Floyd snaps. "I was a 9.3 sprinter coming out of high school. I had a gift of speed from God."

After his withdrawal from Auburn, Floyd was so incensed by Rosen's refusal

Floyd is at home in front of, or in back of, a TV camera.

to let him continue working out on the school's track that he thought about picking a fight with his former coach. "I was acting out of pure anger," says Floyd. "I had learned that the red carpet can roll up as easily as it went down."

Instead, Floyd returned to Putney in early October to decide about his future. He considered joining the Army or getting a job. But he knew from experience—the summers he had spent running a concessions stand at a public pool and toiling on a Putney road-paving crew—that work can be ...

a lot of work. After talking to Duncan and Cougar Head Coach Tom Tellez, he came to Houston in November of 1980.

"I never, ever got a transfer like that before," says Tellez, who more or less left Floyd on his own last year, while Floyd was going through the mandatory season of post-transfer ineligibility. Floyd liked Houston, school and city, almost immediately, even though he "still felt like, damn! Nobody in this world wants me," and even though his prized RX-7 was broken into and stripped of even its floor mats soon after he arrived. "I found that Houston was what Carl Lewis had told me it was," says Floyd. "That was good enough."

Floyd wasn't yet going out with Walton, but he had introduced himself to her at the April 1980 Penn Relays. She had responded by standing up and walking away. "She sure did," said Stanley, shaking his head at the memory as he and Walton sat side-by-side at the Ohio KC meet in Cleveland in February.

"Well, I thought you were giving me a line," said Walton. "I thought you had a lot of girl friends."

"I figured you had a lot of boyfriends," said Floyd.

Walton, the fourth-ranked woman 800-meter runner in the U.S. last year, is generally quiet but can be feisty. "How could I have boyfriends?" she asked.

"You would always come up when a guy was around me and start saying, 'Delisa, I love you. I want to be your man.'" The two finally began dating while competing in Europe last summer, and Floyd proposed in October. "But he didn't get down on his knees ... as he should have," said Walton.

"You were standing up," said Floyd.

"You should have told me to sit down."

Walton, a junior from Detroit, majors in speech pathology; she chose that field because she has a 10-year-old cousin who stutters. Around her, Floyd shows his sensitive side. Perhaps his strongest memory from high school, he says, is of a Special Olympics meet he attended. "The kids were having trouble running straight, and people in the stands were laughing at them. I wanted to yell at those people. I wanted to cry." He was similarly affected at a meet in Dallas in January, when he had to scratch from the final of the 60 because of a sore back. A young boy and his father came up to Floyd afterward. The boy was in tears. "He came here just to see you run," said the father. Floyd apologized. He also promised that at next year's meet he would bring the child down to the starting line with him.

"Stanley's been through a lot, but he's a very good man," says Duncan. He and Tellez have changed Floyd's start this year, shifting his weight back onto the rear block and changing the angles between his legs and his torso. "His forward lean used to be so much that he had to get a foot down quickly at the gun just to avoid falling on his face," says Tellez.

Floyd feels he fell on his face last year by dropping to No. 5 in the world rankings. "I heard it a lot: 'Floyd was a flash, but now he's gone,'" he says. "I intend to run my fastest 100 ever this year. I say, 'Who's gone?'"

Floyd smiles. "By the way, you haven't asked the big question about me and Delisa. After we're married, which one of us is going to move? *Hmmm*."

He laughs and strokes his chin. "Would it shock you if I moved again?" Floyd asks. "It would shock a lot of people. Oh, yes. But not me. A man has got to live his own life, you know, and he ought to be happy." Which is why the aspiring world's fastest human, once again, is not uncomfortable being a man on the move.

Whether Floyd will try pro football after the 1984 Olympics will be a weighty decision.

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# Aspiring To Higher Things

All-America, Rhodes scholar, NBA player, Tom McMillen is emulating Bill Bradley. Next, elective office

by **BIL GILBERT**

**F**or a bit more than a decade, Tom McMillen has been a highly regarded basketball player, not so much for what he has done on the court but for what he has done off it. He has been a professional athlete for almost eight years, but it's his potential as a politician that has people excited. In 1970 McMillen played his last year of high school basketball in Mansfield, Pa., and was widely acclaimed as the best prep player in the country, a judgment with which this journal concurred. While not right on the money—there was a redheaded fellow named Walton playing near San Diego—it wasn't a bad pick. McMillen went on to the University of Maryland and with several talented teammates—notably Len Elmore and John Lucas, who are still colleague-opponents of his in the NBA—put Maryland basketball so clearly on the map that Coach Lefty Driesell could announce, probably to his later regret, that College Park, Md. was evolving into Westwood, Calif.

McMillen did very well at Maryland. He averaged more than 20 points a game, played for the 1972 U.S. Olympic team, and was a consensus All-America in 1973. He dominated the best European basketball league for a year, and, having been the first draft choice of teams in both the ABA and NBA, he returned to play in the latter. He has played for three teams in his seven NBA seasons, achieving only average fame and fortune but greater respect within the profession than is generally credited by those outside it.

During the same 12-year period he has been the valedictorian of his high school class (of 110) and student speaker of his university class (3,379), a Phi Beta Kappa and a Rhodes scholar. He has been a member (the youngest ever) of the President's Council on Physical Fitness

continued

Hawk Owner Ted Turner needs an assist to see eye to eye with the 6' 11" McMillen.







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and Sports, of a U.S. Senate advisory committee on national sports development and of the 1980 presidential campaign staff of Jimmy Carter. He is also involved in a radio paging business and a mobile telephone service and is a marketing consultant for a cable TV firm. Additionally, he is the chairman of the American Cancer Crusade of Maryland, a member of Men for ERA in Georgia, a member of the National Advisory Council of St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis and the assistant to the finance chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

At 29, McMillen is a millionaire. He makes about \$250,000 a year, owns town houses in Atlanta and near Annapolis, has a sound portfolio of gas, oil and other real-estate investments and an undistinguished but made-in-America automobile. He dresses, speaks and deports himself in a gentlemanly manner and has a nice girlfriend. He has had prematurely gray hair since he graduated from Maryland ("My two brothers got it faster than I did, you get used to it, just like you get used to being tall"). He is an informative, witty conversationalist, with a knack for getting along easily with strangers.

The progress of a good many of us along the course of life is comparable to paddling a canoe down a narrow, convoluted creek on a misty morning. When we come to swamps of this, sloughs of that, pleasant views, high or rapid places, we are usually surprised because we seldom have a clear view of what is even so far ahead as the next bend. McMillen, on the other hand, may well see the course as a great stairway, and he has been mounting or, more accurately, sprinting up these stairs, as if always aware of where he has been and what is ahead.

There can be few other mortals so well favored by nature and accident as this man. He was endowed with thoughtful, loving, problem-solving, affluent parents (the late Dr. James, a dentist, and Margaret McMillen) and talented, supportive brothers and sisters (two of each). And, most important, he had genes that produced a 6' 11" body, sharp elbows and a fine mind. While he has various hopes and plans for life after basketball, in a figurative way, basketball has been at least the pick off which he has made his life move.

Given the 6' 11", sharp-elbow genes,

it was inevitable that McMillen would be a basketball player. However, he might not have become so good as he has if he hadn't thrown up thousands of jumpers on Munsfield playgrounds; in time this resulted in a leathery jump shot good to about 18 feet. That shot has been what a good box of tools is for a carpenter, or what 15 acres of Granny Smith apple trees are for a fruit farmer: If you take care of it, it will take care of you.

ing raised so that we would never want to be anything else."

Sheila became a novelist, the other brother, Paul, a trade association executive; and the youngest child, Liz, a journalism student at the University of Pennsylvania. Only Jay became a physician. "I still think medicine is the most noble profession," Tom says, "but I thought I was better suited to making contributions in a more general way."



Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young advises McMillen on the value of pressing the flesh.

McMillen took his shot and frame to Maryland instead of one of the other 350 schools that pursued him because it was close enough to Munsfield that his father could drive to home games; because his brother Jay had played there; and because he wanted to get in on the ground floor of Driesell's basketball structure instead of into Dean Smith's North Carolina penthouse. He enrolled in pre-med because that is what his father the dentist assumed all his children would do. "My mother was more relaxed or maybe realistic about that than my father was," says Sheila McMillen, an older sister. "She asked him one time what if we didn't want to be doctors. He said we were be-

One reason he strayed from medicine was the recruiting for Maryland of a U.S. Senator at the time, Joseph Tydings. Tydings, the stepson of former U.S. Senator Millard Tydings, had been a Terrapin lacrosse and football player and has retained an interest in securing athletes for the Washington-area school and promising Democrats for the party. "I pointed out that at Maryland Tom would be able to observe the national political process at firsthand," says Tydings, who served six years in the Senate, "and be able to make the kind of contacts that he could not at, say, North Carolina."

McMillen went to Maryland with no partisan feelings or party affiliation. "I

*continued*

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didn't really have much of a social conscience," McMullen says. "I can remember sitting in my dorm room when a Vietnam demonstration broke out on campus. I had to close the window because the tear gas interfered with studying. The issues weren't important to me. But what Senator Tydings said did interest me, and as much as anything else he started me eventually thinking about public service."

Tydings wasn't the only one who sized up McMullen as a good political prospect. He was appointed as a teen-ager to the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports during the Nixon Administration. And Martha Mitchell, Attorney General John Mitchell's wife, called and suggested that he work for Nixon's reelection in the summer of 1972. "I told Martha that not only were the Olympics something I had always wanted to do," says McMullen, "but that I thought that I had a patriotic duty to go."

The Olympics, says McMullen, were something of a basketball interlude but the last three seconds of the final game, which the Soviet Union won 51-50 after time had apparently run out with the U.S. the victor, was the most emotional moment he has experienced in his life. He was the man on the inbound pass which led to the Soviet victory. "I was never so high as I was when we thought we had won and never so low when they told us we had lost."

By then McMullen was a Democrat, at least in his sympathies. "The Democrats appealed to my sense of justice and humanity," he says. "In social issues and even foreign policy, the Democratic philosophy is based on a desire to improve things for disadvantaged people. The underlying Republican philosophy is concerned with how to retain their status and affluence and to protect themselves against other classes and races."

Almost as soon as he arrived at Maryland, McMullen began scouting out how to get to Oxford one day as a Rhodes scholar. He lined up patrons, and called, approached or wrote to a hundred or so Rhodes scholars, including Princeton All-America Bill Bradley, then with the New York Knicks and now a U.S. Senator from New Jersey, and Supreme Court Justice Byron White, who had been an All-America halfback at the University of Colorado. "I am not somebody who goes hunting without a gun,"

Tom McMullen says, clinically.

He bugged the Rhodes, and at Oxford read Politics, Philosophy and Economics, Bradley's subject—among his interests being the causes and conduct of World War II and its historical heroes, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. However, it was apparently easier for McMullen to get into Oxford than it was for him to deal with the change in disciplines. "In high school and at Maryland I was, more or less, a grind," he says. "I had a retentive memory and I took in whatever information was given. Then I regurgitated it when I was asked. At Oxford, they not only expected me to take in information but also to speculate about it, analyze it and create something from it. I was in a daze for a few months, but it was one of the most important experiences of my life. I learned how to think and to enjoy it."

McMullen also continued playing basketball, signing with Virtus Sindryne of Bologna to play in an Italian league. To do so, he made two all-night commutes each week between Oxford and wherever the team was performing, sometimes as far as Tel Aviv and Leningrad. "I studied and slept in the car from the airport to the game site, and I'd crash on Saturdays in an apartment in Italy," he says. "I never missed any of my lectures or tutorials and didn't miss much of the social experience of being at Oxford."

While McMullen was thus engaged in 1975 Donald Dell, his lawyer and agent, informed him that the NBA and ABA were about to merge, and that when they did, McMullen's market value would decline sharply. Dell strongly suggested that he sign a contract (both Virginia of the ABA and Buffalo of the NBA had made him a first-round pick) and show up to play the next fall. McMullen agreed and proposed to his Oxford advisers that he complete the second and final year of his work there during the next three summers. They said he would have to choose between being a full-time resident Rhodes scholar or a pro forward



When the issue is shooting, McMullen is a left-winger.

The negotiations were deadlocked until McMullen discovered that, because of the press of the diamond and empire-building business, Cecil Rhodes, the program's founder, had completed his education as a part-time student. The Ox-fords capitulated.

McMullen signed with the Buffalo Braves in 1975 and was forced to adjust once again. He got into only 50 of the Braves' 82 games and averaged only 4.7 points. He was dealt to the Knicks midway through the following season and found himself sitting on the bench next to Bradley, who was in his last season.

McMullen's most productive NBA season was 1977-78 for the Atlanta Hawks, who had traded a second-round draft choice for him. He averaged 9.9 points a game as a sometime starter on Hubie Brown's blood-and-guts Hawks.

"Hubie and [present Hawks coach] Kevin Loughery are different types," McMullen says. "Hubie would analyze

continued

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TOM MCMILLEN *continued*

and refine the game. Kevin looks at certain factors in a game and draws conclusions. Both are successful, but Hubie played by rote and Kevin by ear."

When McMillen came to the NBA he knew he was going to have to improve his game to have a rewarding career. "I never was quick and wasn't a very good jumper," he says. "Besides having the white man's disease [inability to levitate], I have terrible feet. They've always given me trouble."

"There wasn't much I could do about that, but I could do something about being weak—which I was—and about my defense. I lifted weights. I watched people play defense, thought about it, practiced it. And I kept working on my shot, as I always have."

The Hawks are in the Valley of the Sun on a gray winter day when a raw wind blowing down from the Mogollon Rim makes Phoenix look and feel like Harrisburg, Pa. with sooty cactus. The team and the place have both seen better days. Two of the bigger Hawks are down and out because of injuries. The biggest one—of such a size that he is called Tree—is hobbling on recently surgically scarred wheels. Phoenix is the second stop on a six-game Western trip, and the Hawks have come to the Valley with a seven-game losing streak.

Under the best of circumstances, the Hawks are only a respectable team. Their specialty is defense. They lead the NBA in this category, which has kept them in contention for a playoff berth this season despite manifold injuries. And it's defense that they're working on in a Phoenix gym at midday. While Tree Rollins nurses his limbs on the sidelines, five Hawks run Phoenix plays and the other five play defense. The patterns are complex, 10 men responding quickly to five base plays, each of which have three or four variations.

McMillen is conspicuous, the tallest Hawk still firmly on his feet, and the only white one, a grayish piece of chalk in a bundle of charcoal sticks. But he isn't conspicuous because he's a Rhodes scholar or Phi Beta Kappa, behaving more intelligently than others. He is struggling with the free-form choreography, panting and sweating, perhaps a little busier than some who are more agile than he is.

"Tom still has his shot, but he's proba-





bly more important to us because of his versatility and defense," says Hawk Assistant Coach Mike Fratello. "He's great at keeping the ball away from people. He had one of the best defensive games I've ever seen in the playoffs, against Washington's Elvin Hayes [in 1979]. Everybody in the NBA has talent, but some of those have come and gone. Defense is something you learn by working at it."

Fred Carter is a Hawk assistant coach still young enough to play a few minutes at a time. Therefore, he is the coach who goes one on one with the troops for instructional purposes. "They warned me that Tommy Mac was dangerous," says Carter, who was known as Mad Dog when he played for the Bullets, 76ers and Bucks. "They were right. I think he's knocked six people out of practices this year. We call him Slaprock. He's not a thug out to hurt people; it's just his game—leaning, pushing. I don't think there has ever been a man with sharper elbows, even with the pads he wears."

After an evening spent mostly with and on Slaprock, Alvan Adams, who averages 15 points a game for the Suns, has only 11 points. He is sprawled on a locker-room bench. "Tom is always working on you," he says. "I had a shot in the second half. I thought I was open by 15 feet, and all of a sudden he got there, those elbows going. Tough ballplayer."

Adams is gracious, but McMillen has had a mediocre night, with only four points and five rebounds as the Hawks lost 94-90. To make matters worse, early in the game he came down the wrong way on one of his bad feet. He limped moderately until the third quarter and more noticeably thereafter, after falling hard on his left knee. He didn't come out, because there is no one to replace him, and on the trainer's table the knee is stiff, swollen and painful. McMillen grimaces as a local physician probes at and twists it. "No boogying tonight, Tom," the medic says jovially. "In fact, a week or so off might be a good thing. Go home and have them take a look."

Three days later McMillen treats the knee with a light workout and then some stretching at a political brunch in La Jolla and plays that night in San Diego. He gets 19 points and eight rebounds—and delivers a good Slaprock performance—as the Hawks break the losing streak and then start another in the opposite direction, winning four straight on the road.

continued

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McMillen wasn't as good a player as Bradley, but he'd like to be as lucky in his public life.

including a four-overtime game at Seattle and one in Portland in which the Hawks overcome a 17-point halftime deficit to win 109-97. McMillen averages almost 17 points a game and says it may be the best stretch of basketball in his life, but he can't explain why. "Maybe I'd been drifting, not working," he says. "The knee got my attention. I don't know, but it feels good—the game. The knee is still sore."

Loughery has been in the league 20 years. He once went into a playoff series recovering from four broken ribs and a punctured lung, wearing a steel jacket. He played some with the protector but took it off because it restricted his movement. "It's a cliché," says Loughery, who became Atlanta's coach this season, "but Tom is a pro. Not everyone who signs a contract and plays is."

In January 1980 McMillen suffered his first and only incapacitating injury in a thousand or so games of basketball—a tear of medial collateral ligaments in his right knee. Two weeks after being operated on, he went to New Hampshire for rehabilitation, meanwhile attempting to persuade the citizens to vote for Jimmy Carter.

"We all like celebrities," says Gene

Eidenberg, the Democratic National Committee director and former Carter White House staffer, "but they are mostly adornments. They put in an appearance for the cameras, help draw a crowd and raise money. Tom is different. He's very good out in front but he doesn't have to be there. He'll stay on the phone, sit on committees, write letters, I suppose sweep out the place. He'll wear you out, he's got so much energy. Tom knows it's there, and does the scout work."

Tydings, who was defeated in 1970 and is now a Washington attorney, is McMillen's closest political confidant. He's upbeat on McMillen but recognizes the pitfalls of politics, especially in a savvy state like Maryland.

"There is an obvious problem for celebrities who try to cash in quickly on the name they have made someplace else," Tydings says. "Local people who have worked up through the ranks treat them as carpetbaggers. That's not a problem for Tom. A professional in one of the counties is going to remember Tom was the fellow who came to his crab-and-beer fund raiser, gave a speech, drew a crowd, paid his 25 bucks and has sent him a Christmas card every year since."

"There is nothing about a sports background that creates any intrinsic political

handicaps, and there are some advantages," McMillen says. "Bill Bradley, Jack Kemp, Mo Udall may have been elected in part because they had been athletes, but they are respected on Capitol Hill for the quality of their work, not because of what they did in sports. Bill was always a good team person," McMillen says of his 1976-77 Knick teammate. "He conducted himself well in hierarchies, and politics is hierarchical. In the Senate, he does what he did as a player: respects his colleagues."

Because of the similarity of their backgrounds and careers, comparisons between Bradley and McMillen are all but inevitable. They are more or less a match in intelligence and diligence toward homework. Bradley was somewhat more celebrated as an athlete. McMillen is a better public speaker, is thought to project a warmer public image, perhaps to have better political instincts and to be more knowledgeable about the media. The question is whether he'll be as lucky as Bradley in an electoral way.

Though there is no dispute about Bradley's proving to be an effective Senator, his election from New Jersey in 1978 was blessed by good fortune. He received the Democratic nomination in a six-man primary. Republican incumbent Clifford Case was upset by Jeffrey Bell in the Republican primary, and Bradley was able to defeat a divided party and relatively unknown candidate in the general election.

McMillen will have no such easy time of it in Maryland. Though their recent political history has been turbulent, to put it politely, Maryland Democrats are at the moment in good shape. McMillen is in the position of a baseball phenom in the minors who has no place to play because of the excellence of veterans on the big team.

"I have told Tom," Tydings says, "that it isn't a good idea to beat good people—even," and there is a pause for emphasis, "when you can. There are never enough of them, and it creates hostility in the party. Tom understands that and, should he decide to run, it is a matter of waiting for the right opportunity. In this case that is no hardship because he has so many other things going. As a very practical consideration, he has another year to go on a lucrative basketball contract."

There had been talk recently about McMillen's possible candidacy to run

*continued*

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against Republican Representative Marjorie Holt for her seat from Anne Arundel County this fall.

"It is no secret that I want to become more involved in public affairs," McMillen says. "But I haven't talked to anyone about any specific office. Maybe I'm better suited to working behind the scenes, say by helping with a Jay Rockefeller or Gary Hart presidential campaign. I also have a lot of entrepreneurial interests I want to develop. Some of them interface with public service, and that may be my role. I am definitely committed to trying to make a contribution in public service. But how and when I make a contribution is still an open question.

"I intend to be playing in the NBA for Atlanta next year. People have written

A typical political foray might include a trip to Annapolis to chat with members of the Maryland legislature; a string of two or three speeches on behalf of his alma mater, in which he would warn against what he calls the "brain drain," the evil consequences of Maryland graduates moving elsewhere; and a visit to the farm home of Louis Goldstein, the state comptroller and a grand old (41-year) pro of Maryland politics. On an off-day he might travel, as he did, to New York to appear at a Democratic Party function commemorating the 100th anniversary of the birth of Franklin D. Roosevelt. In spare moments, always and everywhere, in airports, hotel rooms and other people's offices, he telephones friends, family, fellow Rhodes

kid did the same thing he would be treated as a vandal and a delinquent. Our system depends on expanding opportunities, not excluding people from them. Economic progress and social justice aren't opposing goals. They are dependent on each other."

Descriptions of Tom McMillen tend to be a catalogue of his exceptional accomplishments, methods of self-improvement and high ambitions. They tend to present McMillen as a cross between a 6'11" computer and a grizzled Boy Scout. There is a down side: McMillen has certain language weaknesses. They are probably caused by hanging around too many public servants, political technicians and entrepreneurs. And listening to Alexander Haig.

"If you don't stop using access and network as verbs, or if you ever use interface again in any form, I will not vote for you for dog catcher, particularly not for dog catcher."

"I guess that is pretty bad. I've got to work on things like that," says McMillen.

Telephone message from Tom McMillen: "I'm networking. If you need to interface, access me at this number."


There is a political-type frolic in San Diego, attended by sometime Carter, Johnson and Kennedy supporters. After two or three hours, bubbles of stale conversation hang like a layer of methane over a ripe swamp. An out-of-practice, naturally slothful and insufficiently public-spirited citizen splits early. So, surprisingly, does McMillen, who has been the celebration's centerpiece.

"That was great," he says on the way back to his hotel and, presumably, a telephone. "People like that make me realize how much I have to learn. It was a living history seminar, but, you know, I have a headache. I never get a headache talking to Tree Rollins."

"That's a good line."

"I don't mean to put down Tree."

"I didn't think you did."

That may be it. Tom McMillen is really very easy to understand. What he is is a splendid, living model of the attitudes, virtues and visions of truth, justice and the white American way. The urge to root for him as he charges up the Big Stairs is almost irresistible. Way to go, Slaprock. But take care of your feet! 



Message from Mac: "I'm networking. If you need to interface, access me at this number."

that I have asked to be traded to the Bullets so I can spend more time in Maryland. It's untrue. If a change like that were made it would be because of sport, not politics. While I'm with the NBA I'll do what I have been doing when I'm not playing or working on the game: talking to people, collecting information, thinking about options, getting ready for when I'm finished with basketball."

McMillen sometimes calls these activities "networking." As he practices it, networking requires the constitution of a moose, the energy level of a shrew and no more fear of flying than a bat has.

scholars, business, political or media people in Chicago, Phoenix, San Diego, Denver or wherever the Hawks are flying.

McMillen has talked to civic and industrial leaders about building a recreational center in inner-city Atlanta with facilities similar to those found in suburban clubs and health spas.

"When I was a kid in Mansfield and I would break into the gym to play basketball," he says, "I thought I was a criminal, which I suppose technically I was, but everybody probably knew about it and thought it was all right. If a ghetto

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## Keeping close watch on Fernando

by Steve Wulf

*Minute by minute, what went down when the Dodgers' ace showed up*

**A**t a little dinner party given at the White House last Thursday night for the President of Italy, a few of Tommy Lasorda's very closest friends inquired about the health of one of his pitchers. Frank Sinatra asked. George Bush asked. Even President Reagan asked about Fernando.

Fernando Valenzuela is fine, thank you. At 10:14:12 a.m. on March 24, Valenzuela made his first official 1983 appearance in his Dodger blues. He emerged from the clubhouse into the bright Vero Beach, Fla. sunshine and began breaststroking his way through a crowd of newsmen, cameramen and Fernandomaniacs. To the rescue came Traveling Secretary Billy DeLury, driving golf cart No. 25. Valenzuela climbed into the shotgun seat and Manager Lasorda onto the back, and off they went down Vin Scully Way. At Duke Snider Road, the cart turned right.

Valenzuela had arrived in Dodger-town the previous night, ending his month-long holdout. After conferring with his agent, Tony DeMarco, and his lawyer, Dick Moss, Valenzuela decided to join his teammates without agreeing to the Dodgers' latest offer, of \$350,000 for the season plus \$100,000 in incentives. Last year at this time, Valenzuela was a rookie with a \$42,500 salary. But that was 13 victories, 11 sellouts at Dodger Stadium and one Cy Young Award ago. Now the President wants to know how Fernando is.

Valenzuela disembarked from the golf cart and joined his teammates in calisthenics in rightfield of Holman Stadium. Never have stretching exercises been so intensely watched by so many. At 10:30 he wiped his brow for the first time. Exercises over, the Dodgers began running, first forward and then backward, symbolically re-creating Valenzuela's negotiation process. They then jogged around the field, Fernando finishing 28th in the field of 33.

He went out to leftfield to play catch with Pitcher Steve Howe. They also kicked the ball around for a bit. At 10:55 Valenzuela began warming up in the bullpen with Catcher Bill Sobbe. At

10:59 Sobbe's glove popped for the first time. One pitch later, Tony Segreto of WTVJ in Miami became the first person to ask Pitching Coach Ron Perranoski, "How's he throwing?" At 11:03 Valenzuela delivered his first curve.

Later Sobbe talked about the historic warmup. "It was pure luck that I was the one to catch him," he said. "Gilberto Reyes [another young catcher] wanted to catch BP first, so I went to the bullpen. Fernando threw about 45 pitches, a lot of fastballs, a few curves, a few screwballs."

"You know, I caught him a couple of years ago in the Arizona Instructional League. He was pretty good then, but I didn't figure the whole world would be waiting on his words. But I guess that's the way the world is today."

At 11:07 Valenzuela began throwing batting practice to Pedro Guerrero, Ron Cey, Steve Garvey and Steve Yeager. He

worked for 12 minutes, and the results were mixed. Guerrero took his roommate deep, but Cey and Yeager had their bats broken. "He threw just fastballs," said Garvey. "He threw hard, maybe harder than he should have, probably because of the excitement."

Batting practice done with, Valenzuela walked out of the stadium to the strains of James Taylor's Mexico over the loudspeaker. He strolled back to the clubhouse to have his arm iced down. We'll spare you the hairy details.

At 11:45 he remembered to begin running in the outfield of Field No. 1. In between sprints he signed the usual assortment of balls and programs, plus two oil paintings of his truly and the lid of a garbage can. At 12:25 he went back inside to shower and dress. His first workout over, Valenzuela walked down Roy Campanella Drive toward his room.

Many people think that Valenzuela is being led down Primrose Path by his advisers. Newspaper polls in Los Angeles indicated that even the Latin community had turned against him. Actually, most of the anger has been directed toward DeMarco, a former entertainer and disc jockey with a considerable sense of his

continued

As Fernando got a leg up at Vero, Dorel Thomas made the Mexican's hat dance.



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"I dreamed of Ali last night. We were in a ring, fighting someplace. In the seventh round, the seventh or eighth, he was saying, 'Don't knock me out...Don't knock me out!' I says to him, 'You gotta get out of here, man. You gotta get the hell out of here!' And then the next thing I remember is we was standing together under a tree, the best of friends. That's what I dreamed last night."

Where did this Larry Holmes quote appear? Where else—in William Nack's article *The Man Who Would Be Champ* in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, where the dreams and dedication of an individual are as important to the story as the action on the sports he plays.

**Sports Illustrated**

America's Sports Newsweekly

## BASEBALL continued

own importance, who isn't a popular figure among L.A.'s Latinos. It remains to be seen whether DeMarco's egomania will ruin Fernandomama.

Valenzuela's negotiations with the Dodgers turned ugly when they really didn't have to. At first owner Peter O'Malley was offering \$300,000 and DeMarco was asking \$1 million. Now the Dodgers, who aren't crazy about offering incentive clauses, have tendered \$350,000 with bonuses of \$25,000 each for 30 starts, 35 starts, 250 innings and 275 innings. If Valenzuela were to earn the \$450,000 maximum, he would be the highest-paid second-year player in the history of baseball and the third-highest-paid Dodger, behind Dave Goltz and Dusty Baker. Valenzuela's advisers would probably accept a \$450,000 base salary with \$200,000 in incentives.

With spring training time running out and negotiations at an impasse, the Dodgers threatened Valenzuela with disciplinary action if he didn't show up in camp by March 23. At a news conference in Los Angeles the day before that deadline, Valenzuela said he would report but wouldn't sign a new contract. Reading from a prepared statement, he said, "We have been treated like children. I am only 21, but I am a man to be considered with dignity." Observers at the press conference said that Valenzuela stumbled over the words, the implication being that he was reading them for the first time.

The next morning Valenzuela, dressed in a black suit and a white shirt open at the collar, boarded Eastern Flight 82 from Los Angeles to Atlanta. He was accompanied by his close friend and DeMarco's chauffeur/bodyguard Presalano Villanueva, better known as Chino. Valenzuela slept most of the way. They were supposed to switch in Atlanta to Eastern 625 to Melbourne, Fla. but decided to take Eastern 293 to West Palm Beach instead.

At the West Palm airport, Villanueva rented a white, four-door Ford Fairmont, Florida license ZJJ 505, from Hertz. He had a little trouble getting the car because he left his wallet back in Los Angeles. At 9:35 p.m. Chino and Fernando turned in at Jackie Robinson Drive, took a left at Sandy Koufax Lane and parked.

The first Dodgers Valenzuela met were fellow pitchers Tom Niedenfuer and Bob Welch, and they exchanged a



hearty and somewhat complicated sequence of slaps and handshakes. Then Valenzuela went to the reception desk to pick up the key for Room 105. He said "Thank you" in English to receptionist Amy Gaesser. He was greeted in 105 by Guerrero, Reyes and Pischer Alejandro Pena. He begged off any interviews, saying he was tired, and put the DO NOT DISTURB sign on his door. This miffed waiting reporters, who could hear loud music coming from the room. Dodger publicist Steve Brenner and broadcaster-interpreter Jaime Jarrin entered the room and arranged a press conference for nine the next morning.

That session was held in the Sandy Koufax Conference Room, which is named for another great lefthanded holdout. Lasorda greeted Valenzuela warmly and in Spanish. "I just wanted him to know how happy I was to have him in camp," Lasorda said. With Jarrin translating questions and answers for an assembly of 58, Fernando said he was happy to be back with his teammates, that he would refer all contract questions to his agent and his attorney, that he had no regrets, that he didn't think his image was tarnished but that he respected the opinion of his people, and that he was happy to be back with his teammates.

As to when Valenzuela would be able to pitch in a game, Lasorda would only say, "Your guess is as good as mine." Valenzuela was undoubtedly helped by playing winter ball in the Mexican League and will pitch batting practice every other day, but he probably won't work under competitive conditions until the Freeway Series with the Angels on April 2-4. His first start is projected for either April 11 at home against the Padres or April 12 on the road against the Astros.

Valenzuela's teammates had gotten very tired of Fernando questions by the time he walked into the clubhouse Wednesday morning, but as Outfielder Jay Johnstone said, "He's fat, he's got pimples on his face, he can't speak English, he's ugly—and we're glad to have him back." A short time later Valenzuela stepped out into the sunlight to face the fans, the lenses and the two news helicopters parked on the grounds for the blessed event, all proof positive that Fernando is worth at least a million dollars to the Dodgers. If they won't pay him that sum, the least they can do is name the Dodger-town press room after him.

59

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## HORSE RACING

by William Leggett

### Shimmy shakes a Derby leg

South Dakota-raised speedball Shimateree strides toward Louisville



Although Shimateree tired in the stretch, he still won the Bay Shore by 4½ lengths.

**T**he fastest thoroughbred horse in the world today is a 3-year-old colt known as Shimmy. He eats carrots, apples, chocolate and Life Savers and he hates to go into his stall. So much for his idiosyncrasies. Until he won the \$55,000 Bay Shore at Aqueduct on March 21, his owner, Dr. Rif'At Hussain, hadn't seen him run. Hussain, a 38-year-old native of Pakistan, lives in Sioux Falls, S. Dak., and it's difficult for him to get away. Hussain, you see, is a busy plastic surgeon. He's the only plastic surgeon in Sioux Falls. In fact, he's the only plastic surgeon in the entire state.

"I call my horse Shimmy," Hussain said last week in New York, "but his name is Shimateree. He is named after a Cheyenne Indian chief who was so brave that he was known as Ironhearted. The chief's name was actually Chimateree, but I changed the C to an S because it sounded better. I felt that I should see my colt run in the Bay Shore to realize

my dream of him. Should I be remembered for nothing else in life, I will be remembered for Shimmy."

In the seven-furlong Bay Shore, Shimmy was considered such a cinch that of the \$311,522 bet to show, \$291,469 went on Shimmy. The bettors were perceptive, if circumspect. Shimmy, an even-money favorite, broke quickly and held a six-length lead by the top of the stretch. "I wanted him to get tired," said Trainer Dick Dutrow, "and he did." Shimateree won by 4½ lengths over Big Brave Rock, a horse that, unlike Shimmy, isn't nominated to the Kentucky Derby.

Shimateree, of course, is only one of 388 horses nominated to the Derby. At this point he looks to be little more than a speedball, a horse that can run short distances swiftly. His victory in the Bay Shore was his third in only four starts, but his bloodlines and running style indicate that he might not be capable of running 1¼ miles, the Derby distance.

Six years ago, however, there was another Bay Shore winner that experts thought would be incapable of carrying his speed over a distance. His name was Bold Forbes, and he was trained not only to run quickly but also to run "long," as racetrackers say. Bold Forbes won the Derby by a length, and later took the 1½-mile Belmont Stakes by a neck. The jockey on Shimateree last week was Angel Cordero Jr., who also rode Bold Forbes in his Triple Crown races.

For Hussain, Shimateree is a running profit center. In effect, the colt cost Hussain \$5,900. He already has turned down \$1.5 million for a half interest in Shimmy, and the Bay Shore victory probably added another half-million to his value. "I am an easy person to reach by phone," Hussain says, "and people keep calling me about selling my horse. Presently I am not interested, but I am not a deaf man."

Hussain is, in fact, a very bright man who cares deeply for his horse. "I got Shimmy in what some horsemen might think is a strange way," he says, "though to me it was not all that strange. In the winter of 1978 I went to Kentucky. The weather was fierce. I woke up one morning and there were eight inches of snow on the ground. The reason I was in Kentucky was that I had followed horses for a while and I wanted to learn about auctions. I had no intention of buying a horse, so I was carrying very little money. Then I saw the horse I wanted in the sales catalogue at Keeneland. It was a mare named Tudor Twist that, according to the catalogue, was in foal to Crewman. But when I got to the sale they announced that Tudor Twist was barren."

That wouldn't have come as much of a surprise to a more experienced horseman. Of the first seven times that Tudor Twist had been bred, she turned out barren four times. Furthermore, her three living foals could best be described as circles with the rims removed. One never got to the races, another ran three times without winning and the third ran through six years and 78 starts while

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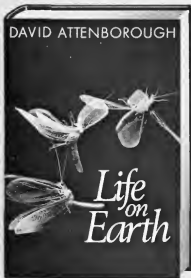
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earning a grand total of \$17,429—not enough to pay feed bills.

Hussain bought the barren Tudor Twist for \$900 on Jan. 10, 1978. That same day 127 broodmares were sold at Keeneland, at an average price of \$12,259.

"I liked Tudor Twist," Hussain says, "because if you examined her bloodlines you could find Tudor Minstrel, a winner of classic races in Europe. But when I got Tudor Twist, there were two things I didn't have: a stallion to breed her to, and money. I looked at several stallions as possible mates, but I couldn't afford them. One of the ones I liked was Marshua's Dancer, and his stud fee was \$5,000, which I didn't have."

Hussain came to the U.S. from Pakistan on Feb. 27, 1967 to do his residency in plastic surgery at Minumee Valley Hospital in Toledo. He had no money then either. "My flight," he says, "was supposed to land in Toledo. But the Toledo airport was closed because of a snowstorm, so I ended up in Fort Wayne. I had only \$23 in my pocket and no overcoat on my back. I was an exchange visitor to this country and a dreamer. Money had never been important to me. Work was important to me, finding a place to put my life. Eventually I got to Toledo and I had \$3. But I wasn't worried. I knew that I could work things out. And I did."

But it took some doing. Hussain got his high school diploma from the University of Peshawar at 16, and then graduated from Khyber Medical College (part of the University of Peshawar) at 23. "I eventually became a plastic surgeon at the University Hospital in Syracuse, N.Y.," he says, "but I moved out to South Dakota not only to start my own business but to find a place where there were horses and the tranquility that they could bring. I found a marvelous man there at the First Sioux Falls Bank, named Bob Baker. He loaned me money to set up my practice. Truthfully, when I bought Tudor Twist for \$900, I only had \$500 with me and no credit line with the sales company that auctioned the horse. But the bank helped me out, so that I not only bought Tudor Twist but was able to have the mare bred to Marshua's Dancer for \$5,000."

After Tudor Twist dropped her foal, on April 7, 1979, Hussain took the colt to a boarding stable just outside Sioux Falls. There he broke the horse, walked the horse, fed the horse, vetted the horse, galloped the horse and, at the same time, paid the feed bills by doing nose jobs. He has since acquired 12 more horses, including Epinephrine, a 2-year-old half-sister of Shimatree, whose name, says Hussain, "describes her very well." Epinephrine is another word for adrenaline. In 1981 Hussain got married. By mail, it was an arranged marriage. "I had never met my wife, Neelofur, before," he says, "but that is the way things are often done in my country. She didn't know anything about either horses or South Dakota, but she wanted to learn to ride. At the end of her first week of riding a pony, I put her up on Shummy. Maybe the rest will be history."

In a way, it already is. Shimatree made his first start early last December in a six-furlong race at Aqueduct. He ran second, six lengths behind a good horse named Star Gallant, a colt who was undefeated as a 2-year-old and who recently won the Fountain of Youth at Gulfstream. Nine days later, Shimatree made his second start, at Laurel, and won by eight lengths. This year he made his first start as a 3-year-old in the \$54,700 six-furlong Swift Stakes at Aqueduct on March 6 and beat a field of four, winning by 11 lengths in the brilliant time of 1:09½.

Certainly much of the credit for Shummy's spectacular showing must go to Dutrow, his trainer, a well-known conditioner who makes his base in Maryland and who regularly places one,

two or three in the national standings.

"I found Mr. Dutrow in the Lexington airport while waiting for a plane," says Hussain. "I had never met a professional horse trainer before and I said to him, 'Someday my horse might turn out to be a good horse.' Mr. Dutrow said, 'If he does, give me a call.' I did." Dutrow was enthusiastic about Shummy from the start, and in 1981 purchased a half interest in him.

In the winner's circle following the Bay Shore, Dutrow announced that Shimatree's next start would be in the Gotham on April 3, when he should meet stronger opposition. "Shummy reminds me a lot of Bold Forbes," Cordero says. "Like Bold Forbes, he's aggressive and is very fast. He'll go farther."

Unfortunately, Cordero is committed to ride another horse at Onkawn Park on that date and will miss the Gotham. This doesn't distress Hussain, who says, "Bill Shoemaker will ride Shummy in the Gotham and, if he likes the horse, will take him all the way through the Kentucky Derby."

Normally, Swift winners are quite forgettable because all the race usually proves is that a quick young horse can run six furlongs quickly. But the Bay Shore is another matter. Its seven-furlong distance sets up a 3-year-old for the one-mile Gotham and the 1½-mile Wood Memorial, perhaps the best of the prep races before the Derby.

The next few weeks will be important ones for this Kentucky-South Dakota-Pakistani wonder. While Shummy is indeed quick, it's difficult to assess how far he can run. But if you can't catch him, you can't beat him.

END



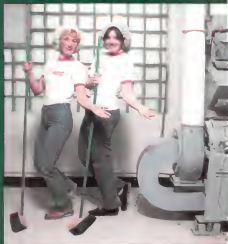
In a Sioux Falls paddock Hussain whispers sweet nothings to 2-year-old Epinephrine.







# Famous Flakes Of America



In South Chicago, 30 workers sweep wayward Wheaties.

*For 50 years the Breakfast of Champions has been the champion of breakfasts, a sporting staple of all the country's kitchen cupboards*

*by STEVE WULF*

CONTINUED



continued

**I** counted 3,450 flakes in a 12-ounce box of Wheaties, crumbs not included. The crumbs were flakes that couldn't withstand the weight of the Nature Valley Granola Bars that were also in the box, but that's General Mills's business. I'm not sure why I counted the flakes, except that I have always taken cold cereal very seriously and with milk. I understand some people put cereal in their coffee, but that's *their* business.

The Rev. Bob Richards used to say that enough Wheaties were sold in a year to fill the Rose Bowl up to the 56th row. Between the ages of eight and 18, I must have eaten at least 56 rows' worth of Wheaties, Frosted Flakes, Crispy Critters, Corn Chex, Rice Krispies, et cetera ad nauseam. What fun it was of a week-end morning to go through an entire Kellogg's Variety Pack, perforating the cardboard and eating all the varieties right out of the box. They don't make 'em like that anymore.

My appetite for cereal knew no bounds and caused no end of derision from my family. I dreamed once that word of my prowess had reached Battle Creek, Mich. and that I was invited to participate in the world cereal-eating contest. I had to go one-on-one with a chubby boy. We were placed atop two giant bowls and given our choice of cereal, and the first one to finish would be the winner. I forget what he chose, but I selected Rice Krispies, figuring I would have an edge because they would float to the top. I woke up, probably from the thunder of so much snap, crackle and pop, before I found out who won.

Not that I had anything against Wheaties. I looked upon them as a gourmet might view a very good portwine. I was even willing to swallow the Breakfast of Champions stuff, which is why I



South Chicago plant manager Gill may prefer to eat Cheerios, but this is his favorite cereal.

always stoked up on Wheaties before the baseball season. I certainly respected them more than did a friend in college, who plugged the cracks in his dorm room wall with wet Wheaties. Anyone who has ever washed out a bowl of mid-night-snack Wheaties the morning after has discovered the strongest substance known to man. Ever wonder why houses aren't made of Wheaties on porcelain?

The flakes themselves appear fairly innocuous. They come in different shapes and sizes, although they are uniformly butterscotch in color. Up close, they look a little ugly, with little hills and valleys.

Wheaties are more than flakes, though. Inside that box, protected by liner paper, are fortune and fame, comedy and tragedy, church and state, thiamin and riboflavin. The 57-year history of

Wheaties includes among its cast members Babe Ruth, Jack Armstrong, Lou Gehrig, Shirley Temple, Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle, The Lone Ranger, Henry Aaron, Bruce Jenner and Ed White. Well, some of those names are bigger than others. In 1937 a young sportscaster for WHO in Des Moines asked the sponsor of his baseball broadcasts for \$300, half the cost of a trip to California, so that he could cover the Chicago Cubs in spring training. He got the money, and while he was out West, he passed a screen test at Warner Brothers. Today he's President of the United States. You've probably already guessed the sponsor.

Wheaties deserves a permanent spot in the American cupboard, if only for the beauty of its box, be it the 1-, 8-, 12- or



Darkest, here inspecting the cereal for true weight, has worked on the Wheaties line 45 years.

18-ounce version. The dominant color can only be described as Wheaties orange; it has no place in nature. The hue cries out at shoppers and prys open the lids of drowsy breakfasters. As Dustin Hoffman demonstrated in *The Graduate*, cereal boxes can make for fascinating reading between slurps.

Stretched across the top of the front of the box are the white letters, increasing in size as we go from W to S, of the trademark. The history of Wheaties, too, kept getting bigger and bigger, starting with its birth in 1924. Like gravity and penicillin, Wheaties was discovered by accident. In 1921 a health clinician in Minneapolis was mixing up a batch of bran gruel for his patients when he spilled some of the max on a hot stove. Mennenberg or Minniberg—his name has been crushed by the granola bar of time—heard the gruel crackle and sizzle, and he took a taste. Delicious, he thought. He took his cooled gruel to the people at Minneapolis' Washburn Crosby Company, which in 1928 would merge with three other mills to become General Mills. Favorably impressed, Washburn Crosby gave Mr. M. use of a laboratory. Alas, his flakes crumbled too easily and turned to dust in a box.

Exit Mr. M., enter George Cormack, Washburn Crosby's head miller. He liked the wheat cereal idea and kept experimenting with the flakes. He tested 36 varieties of wheat. He cracked them, he steamed them, he mixed them with syrup, he cooked them, he dried them, he rolled them. Finally, he found the perfect flake.

What to name them? A companywide

contest was held, and the winner was Jane Bausman, the wife of the export manager. Her Wheaties won out over such entries as Nutties and Gold Medal Wheat Flakes. In 1924 Washburn Crosby decided to test-market the new cereal in the Illinois cities of Danville, Joliet and Peoria.

Wheaties didn't play very well in Peoria. They didn't play very well much of anywhere. In fact, they were going stale on grocery shelves until Christmas Eve of 1926. On that night, what is believed to be the first singing commercial was aired. Four men, who came to be known as the Wheaties Quartet, sang the following lyrics to the tune of *She's a Jazz Baby* on the Washburn Crosby-owned radio station WCCO in Minneapolis:

Have you tried Wheaties?

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART

They're whole wheat with all of the bran.  
Won't you try Wheaties?  
For wheat is the best food of man.

Sales picked up considerably in the WCCO listening area, and the Wheaties Quartet, consisting of an undertaker, a bailiff, a printer and a businessman, would sing that song over the air for the next six years at \$6 apiece a week.

Elsewhere, though, Wheaties wasn't packing any crunch. By 1929 General Mills was ready to drop the brand altogether. At a crucial meeting of the board of directors, only advertising manager Samuel Chester Gale spoke up for the product. Gale pointed out that of 53,000 cases sold nationwide in 1929, 30,000 had been bought in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area, where the quartet had been singing. Don't drop Wheaties, argued Gale, expand the radio advertising. Gale swayed the directors and saved the day.

Sales tripled in the first year of national advertising. In 1931 Wheaties discovered the box top and sales quadrupled over the previous year's level. Wheaties began sponsoring the *Skippy* show, based on the adventures of the character

continued

Richards was Mr. Wheaties to the President, but to his family he's Pop, without the snap, crackle.





continued

in Percy Crosby's comic strip. James Thurber described the madness that followed in an essay called *O Pioneers!* that was part of a series entitled "Soapland":

"The kiddies loved 'Skippy,' and Wheaties became a household word. . . . You could get all this paraphernalia [a code book, instructions for a secret handshake] by sending in box tops, or fivesimiles, and a signed statement from your mother that you ate Wheaties twice a day. A popular but somewhat unfortunate contest was staged, and the young winner, who got a free trip to Chicago and a week of entertainment, turned out to be a difficult brat who hated Wheaties

and whose many brothers and sisters had helped him send in more fivesimiles of the Wheaties box top than any other contestant."

The Wheaties box also began to change, growing in size and switching from blue to a burnt orange to the familiar orange. An early box is currently on display in the movie *Pennies from Heaven*. The character played by Steve Martin eats Wheaties for breakfast.

On the front of the current box, in the upper left-hand corner, is a white isosceles triangle with the insignia of General Mills inside. Wheaties was the first non-flour product sold by any of the companies that became part of General Mills. Wheaties, Cheerios, Trix, Betty Crocker, Hamburger Helper, Yoplait, Red Lob-

ster, Monopoly, Nerf, Play-Doh, Darth Vader, Foot-Joy, Eddie Bauer and Izod/Lacoste all belong to General Mills today. This quiet conglomerate dresses preppies in alligator shirts and feeds red-necks on Slim Jims, while still selling Mom Gold Medal Flour.

General Mills showed net earnings of more than \$196 million last year on total sales of nearly \$5 billion. Wheaties, with its accent on vitality and fitness, did a lot toward lifting the company to its present lofty corporate heights.

Wheaties is small flakes at General Mills nowadays. Cheerios pulls in more dollars than any of the country's other ready-to-eat cereals, with Wheaties eighth, sort of the Purdue of the breakfast table Top 20. Still, General Mills feels very protective about Wheaties. "It may not be our largest seller," says Paul L. Parker, the company's chief administrative officer, "but there's something very special about Wheaties, something intangible. You could say the Wheaties ideal took over the entire company." Parker keeps a vintage Wheaties box, with Ducky Medwick in his St. Louis Cardinal uniform on the back, on his office desk.

Nearly half of all Wheaties are made in General Mills's South Chicago factory, which is the company's oldest food-packaging plant. The grain elevator there dates back to about 1900. South Chicago produced 1,056,714 cases of Wheaties a year ago, which comes out to 25,361,136 boxes or \$7,495,919,200 flakes.

The man in charge of the plant is Charley Gill, who has been with the company in various capacities since 1948. He dresses in white and his pants are held up by a hand-tooled belt on which are depicted the logos of all the products the factory makes. "My wife eats Wheaties every day," says Gill. "Me, I love Honey Nut Cheerios."

The process for making Wheaties and putting them in a box might have been designed by Rube Goldberg. The grain moves on a belt from the elevator to the processing plant next door, where it is steamed, malt syrup is added and the mix goes into a cooker. It comes out as a "Wheaties dough." The next stop is the extruder, which separates the Chaffies from the Wheaties, so to speak, and converts the dough into pellets. Then the drier takes over and feeds the pellets to the flaking rolls, then to the flake toaster,

continued

**NO MORE BREAKFAST COAXING**  
Now Wheaties and **BABE RUTH'S FREE HONEY NUT** Moviebook Turned the Trick

**Mother! Accept This Free Gift For Your Child**

If you send in your child's name and the name of the movie, you will receive a free gift. The gift is a copy of the moviebook, which is a fun and interesting way to learn about the movie. The moviebook is a great gift for your child, and it is free! So, send in your child's name and the name of the movie, and you will receive a free gift. The gift is a copy of the moviebook, which is a fun and interesting way to learn about the movie. The moviebook is a great gift for your child, and it is free! So, send in your child's name and the name of the movie, and you will receive a free gift.

**FREE HONEY NUT**

Send in your child's name and the name of the movie, and you will receive a free gift. The gift is a copy of the moviebook, which is a fun and interesting way to learn about the movie. The moviebook is a great gift for your child, and it is free! So, send in your child's name and the name of the movie, and you will receive a free gift.

A 1932 bonus premium was a moviebook that showed how the Bambino "knocked" his homers.

# THE BIG PROBLEM WITH SMALL CARS IS THE RIDE. MEET THE SOLUTION.

## PROBLEM:

Small cars are great for lots of reasons. Good handling. Good gas mileage. Fun to drive. But ooh... sometimes that ride.

## SOLUTION:

Little Big Shocks™

**MONROE**  
**LITTLE BIG**  
**SHOCKS**

from Monroe.® Designed and calibrated to give small cars the right ride. A ride that helps take the bumps

out of the road. With our Monro-Matic®, Monro Super Strut®, Strut Cartridge, or Load-Leveler® Stabilizing Units, you don't have to sacrifice comfort when you're driving small.

Ask for Little Big Shocks anywhere you see the famous Monroe name. Auto parts stores, garages, service stations, and other automotive retailers.

Monroe Auto Equipment  
Divisions of Tenneco Automotive



**MONROE**

*Small Car. American Parts. Monroe.*



# WE'D LIKE YOU TO START AN IRA WITH US. BUT ONLY IF IT'S RIGHT FOR YOU.

With all this talk about IRAs, you may be confused about whether it's right for you.

Let us begin by saying that an IRA provides a wonderful opportunity for many Americans. We know. We sell a great many of them.

But Metropolitan would like to give you both sides of the story. To help you make a sensible decision for the *right* reasons.

## WHAT YOU SHOULD CONSIDER.

First, you should realize that an IRA's primary purpose is to accumulate money for retirement over a period of time. Retirement is the key word in IRAs. They were not designed for short term savings objectives. If you need to withdraw your money before age 59½, you will have to pay ordinary income tax plus a 10% penalty on the amount withdrawn. This is a risk you should consider carefully.

Also, the claims that you can accumulate a million dollars with an IRA assume that today's high interest rates will continue.

## IF IT STILL SEEMS RIGHT.

Notwithstanding the above caution, we believe an IRA is a fine investment vehicle. If you feel that an IRA is appropriate for you, Metropolitan offers a sound and attractive IRA which actually *guarantees* the money paid in as well as *guaranteeing* a minimum interest rate.

Additionally, our disability waiver option *guarantees* that your payments will continue to be made even if you should become totally disabled and cannot continue to contribute yourself.

Finally, at retirement, Metropolitan will offer you a number of options for using your IRA to provide a *guaranteed* retirement income that you can't outlive. After all, that is the purpose of an IRA—to provide you with a retirement income.

## THROUGH YOUR EMPLOYER.

Metropolitan also offers a number of IRA plans through employers which can be handled by

payroll deduction. If you are an employer looking for an IRA program for your people, we suggest you contact Metropolitan, Box 1RA, One Madison Avenue, New York, New York, 10010.

## ON YOUR OWN.

If you wish to establish an IRA independently, you can start one with as little as \$50 a month. Your contribution can vary thereafter (from no contribution at all up to \$2,000 a year) depending on your circumstances each year. Contact your local Metropolitan representative, a trained professional who can help you choose an IRA in the amount that is suitable for you and best complements your Social Security and other retirement benefits.

Metropolitan stands ready to serve any individual and any company of any size in any location. Because of our financial and human resources, arranging for a Metropolitan IRA program is a simple matter. For you—for your company.



**Metropolitan**  
Insurance Companies

## METROPOLITAN REALLY STANDS BY YOU.

Life/Health/Auto/Home/Retirement



**CONCLUSIONS**

"And so, boys and girls, don't forget to tell your mother to buy Wheaties, so she can make these cookies."

But in rehearsal, for some reason, Ruth kept pronouncing "cookies" as "kookies" (as in "Kookie, Kookie, lend me your comb"). Ruth apologized and promised the director that he would get the word right once he was on the air. But sure enough, the Bube said "kookies." After a moment of silence, he said, "I'm a son of a bitch if I didn't say kookies again." So powerful was Ruth's charm that nobody called or wrote to complain about his language.

In the 1930s Wheaties expanded its team of athlete-spokesmen. One of the first coups came when former Philadelphia Athletics Pitcher Howard Ehmke lined up his old teammates Jimmy Foxx, Al Simmons, Mickey Cochrane, Lefty Grove and George Earnshaw for a grand total of \$100. Of the 51 players in the 1939 All-Star Game, 46 had contracts with Wheaties. Carl Hubbell declared in print that Wheaties were "sweetener."

Jack Dempsey ate them. Johnny Weissmuller ate them. Maria Rasputin, "Europe's sensational wild animal trainer—fearless daughter of Russia's Mad Monk," was telling kids from the back of a Wheaties box, "To start the day right, I always recommend Wheaties."

The endorsement game became so competitive that after a while, athletes didn't know whose bowl they were eating from. A cereal called Huskies lured Lou Gehrig away from Wheaties. But when Robert Ripley of the Huskies-sponsored *Believe It Or Not* radio show asked Gehrig how he started his day, Larupin' Lou replied, "I usually start with a big bowl of Wheaties." Even Ripley couldn't believe it.

The Wheaties baseball network, that in the mid-'30s had begun to sponsor games other than the Millers', grew to 95 cities by 1939. Ernie Harwell, now the Detroit Tigers' announcer, was working Atlanta Cracker games in the early '40s. "The Knox Reeves people kept in close contact with all of the announcers," he recalls. "In fact, they encouraged us to write our own commercials. After all, we had to do at least nine Wheaties commercials a game. I remember some of the Cracker players used to give me the

Wheaties they'd won for hitting a homer. My cocker spaniel loved them."

Wheaties had become "America's breakfast food, topping one million cases in '39. That year General Mills offered a hike-o-meter to Jack Armstrong fans, and this literally emptied America's shelves of Wheaties. Even Shirley Temple sent in a dime and a box top.

Having already pioneered singing commercials, premiums, athletic endorsements and game sponsorships, Wheaties took another bold step as the best man in the marriage of television and sports. On Aug. 26, 1939, a major league baseball game, between the Cincinnati Reds and the Brooklyn Dodgers, was telecast for the first time. Red Barber, the sole announcer, recently recalled the commercials aired that day. "First

put on a service-station cap and talked about Mobil Oil," he said. "Then I held up a bar of soap that was 99 and 44/100ths percent pure. But the big extravaganza was for Wheaties. I poured out an individual serving, added bananas, sugar and cream and said, 'Folks, this is the Breakfast of Champions.'"

On one side of the Wheaties box is all the nutrition information: the percentage of U.S. recommended daily allowances, the ingredients, etc. The last time *Consumer Reports* did a rating of ready-to-eat cereals, in 1981, Wheaties was ranked in the middle of three groups. In there with Wheaties were Special K and Froot Loops (Oat-fray Oop-fray). Cheerios was judged to be in the top group. The puzzling finding was that Total,

continued

[illegible]

*Stahliedeker, one of Notre Dame's Four Horsemen, later coached at Villanova and Wisconsin.*





*The best luxury car value in America. The 1982 Chrysler New Yorker \$11,391\**

Engineering excellence is the theme of the new contemporary-sized New Yorker. Craftsmen and engineers pay extraordinary attention to detail. And precise quality control checks help make New Yorker a superbly comfortable car.

the best equipped luxury car value in its class. No other luxury car can match its combination of astonishing equipment and favorable price.

New Yorker standard luxuries include • 60/40 Cloth & Vinyl Seats with Passenger Recliner • Air Conditioning • Automatic Transmission • Electronic Ignition • Power Windows • Power Steering • Power Front Disc Brakes • WSW Steel Belted Radials • Premium Wheel Covers • AM Radio • Electronic Digital Clock • Special Sound Insulation • Galvanized Steel for Corrosion Protection • Front Torsion Bar

Suspension System • Rear Window Defroster • Halogen Headlamps • Dual Remote Mirrors • Premium Plush Pile Carpeting • Tinted Glass • Trunk Dress Up • Trip Odometer • Warning & Interior Light Packages • Bumper Rub Strips & Guards • Padded Landau Vinyl Roof • Warning Chimes • And More.

The plush new New Yorker is the flagship of Chrysler luxury, Chrysler value, Chrysler engineering. It drives on pride.

22 EST. MPG 18 EST. MPG



THE NEW CHRYSLER CORPORATION



Luxury abounds. New Yorker is so well endowed that it is clearly

Base sticker price excluding tax, title and destination charges. \*Use EPA estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Highway and Calif. mileage lower.

There's only one way to play it.

There's only one sensation this refreshing. Low 'tar' Kool Lights. The taste doesn't miss a beat.

# KOOL LIGHTS



©1992 B&W T Co.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



General Mills cereal that is nothing more than Wheaties with extra vitamins, finished in the group of least nutritious cereals.

Consumer Reports pointed out that about 3¢ worth of chemicals makes Total 25¢ to 50¢ more expensive than Wheaties.

The scientific study was done with laboratory rats. This evokes images of rodents huddled over little tiny bowls, eating with little tiny spoons. General Mills didn't take the tests very seriously. Says Art Schuler, executive vice-president for consumer foods, "We passed around a memo recommending that we start advertising in such periodicals as *Good Mousekeeping*, *Rodent Track* and *Mouse & Garden*."

General Mills was hardly laughing, though, in the early '70s when a consumer advocate named Robert Choate, a civil engineer turned nutrition expert, went after the ready-to-eat cereals, saying that they were little more than empty calories. Choate called Wheaties "The Breakfast of Chumps." After the attack, General Mills started fortifying Wheaties with more vitamins.

Below the nutrition information on the side of the box is a curiously worded guarantee: "If you are not satisfied with the quality and/or performance of the WHEATIES in this box..."

Wheaties' performance peaked in the early '40s. Then World War II caused a temporary wheat shortage. After the war came television and supermarkets and, as a result, newer and jazzier cereals. The costs of commercials started to increase. Wheaties stopped sponsoring sports broadcasts and began relying on athletes' testimonials, which inexplicably lost their effectiveness when they hit the TV screen. Even Jack Armstrong began to lose his appeal, and his switch to the Scientific Bureau of Investigation didn't help. Jack died in 1951.

Wheaties' early TV commercials featured the likes of Ted Williams, Sam Snead, Bob Feller and basketball star Bob Davies, the model for Clair Bee's Chip Hilton. The theme was "What sparks a champion, sparks you," and there was always the reminder that there's a whole kernel of wheat in every

Wheaties flake. In another set of early commercials, Mel Allen would say, "One of the things I like to do is talk about Wheaties. The other is to eat them." In 1954 Wheaties signed up the Yankee rookie Mickey Mantle.

But sales continued to dwindle, and General Mills decided to change direction. It made the monumental blunder of pulling Wheaties out of sports. The cereal went from Mickey Mantle to Mickey Mouse in hopes of capturing the children's market. The traditional silhouette of an athlete was replaced on the box by one of a child. Wheaties signed on The Lone Ranger and Wyatt Earp. The result was that while more kids were eating the stuff, many more adults were abandoning the Breakfast of Mouseketeers. In one year, 1956, sales dropped more than 10%. Even the revelation in that May's issue of *Confidential* magazine that Frank Sinatra was the "Tarzan of the Boudoir" because "he eats Wheaties" didn't help.

So Wheaties decided to go back to sports. The first choice for a spokesman was Bud Wilkinson, the Oklahoma football coach. Fortunately, as it turned out, the president of the university wouldn't permit Wilkinson to go around peddling cereal. In his stead, Wilkinson recommended Bob Richards, the two-time Olympic pole vault champion, decath-

lete and ordained minister of the Church of the Brethren. Wheaties and Richards was a union made, if not in heaven, at least in the boardroom.

For the next 14 years, Richards and Wheaties were inextricably linked. With Richards came the Wheaties Sports Federation, an organization that worked with the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the U.S. Olympic Committee and the President's Council on Youth Fitness to make instructional films on all kinds of sports. Richards even took his cameras to the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. track meet in 1958—COLD CEREAL MEETS COLD WAR—and sold the film clips to sports shows across the country. He also got together with an outfit which later sold the ABC network on the idea of a sports show spanning the globe to bring you the vicarious variety of sport, the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat. . . .

Here's a real  
"Breakfast of Champions"  
for team or private  
training tables!

When every fan needs to start the day right, there's no better breakfast than Wheaties. It's the only cereal that's been called "the breakfast of champions" by more than 100 million people. It's the only cereal that's been called "the breakfast of champions" by more than 100 million people. It's the only cereal that's been called "the breakfast of champions" by more than 100 million people.

Wheaties, made with golden wheat, is a delicious, natural and light cereal. It's the only cereal that's been called "the breakfast of champions" by more than 100 million people. It's the only cereal that's been called "the breakfast of champions" by more than 100 million people. It's the only cereal that's been called "the breakfast of champions" by more than 100 million people.

Wheaties is a cereal of golden wheat, and it's the only cereal that's been called "the breakfast of champions" by more than 100 million people. It's the only cereal that's been called "the breakfast of champions" by more than 100 million people. It's the only cereal that's been called "the breakfast of champions" by more than 100 million people.

GOLD MEDAL FOODS, INC.  
of General Mills, Inc.  
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

New York Giant Carl Hubbell pitched for the intelligent cyclist.

A man of unbounded energy and enthusiasm, Richards got whole families to believe that, with glass bowlsful of Wheaties with strawberries and milk, they could become as healthy and vital as his family. Mad did a parody of the consummate Richards commercial. After scarfing down a bowl of cereal, the Rev. Bob dives into a swimming pool and . . . glub, glub . . . drowns.

Richards' persuasive powers and preaching talents earned him big money on the lecture circuit. His film *Life's Higher Goals* were out more than 500 prints and is still one of the top 10 most requested items in the General Mills library. He sold a kind of Wheaties of the mind. In the meantime, he was selling a lot of the real Wheaties.

The flakes themselves had changed. Cormack's original formula, which called for processing Wheaties a kernel at a time, remained untouched for 34 years. In 1958 "Redintegration" was introduced. Flakes were made from a more uniform mixture, and they became crispier, crunchier and more consistent.

Redintegration or not, you can't let a bowl of Wheaties sit for too long. And so it was that Richards began to go soggy after a while. The Rev. Bob began

continued



The Wheaties Quartet: History has forgotten their names, but their musical deed will be long noted.



continued

to tire of being known as Mr. Wheaties, and surveys showed that America was beginning to tire of seeing him. In 1969, in his swan song, Richards took off on a cross-country jogging and bicycle tour. Art Linkletter and O.J. Simpson, symbols of the commercial past and the commercial future, saw him off.

I look at the pretty girl playing racquetball on my box of Wheaties, and I still see Bob Richards. The house that Wheaties built is the Crossbar Ranch in Santo, Texas, about 40 miles west of Fort Worth. This Ewingesque spread of 10,000 acres has all the terrain of a Wheaties flake.

Out in the front yard, where other people might put pink flamingoes, is an entire pole vault ensemble: runway, pit, standards and crossbar. Also scattered around the yard are a discus, a shotput, a javelin, hurdles, a soccer ball, barbells and a bench for pressing. Over by the ga-

rage is a basketball court, down the hill is a lake filled with bass, out in back is a large swimming pool. The heavy bag is in the basement.

On the kitchen counter is an 18-ounce box of Wheaties, torn at the top as if someone couldn't wait to get inside. In the cavernous living room, the carpet is butterscotch and the curtains are almost Wheaties orange.

"Wheaties was very good to me," says Richards. "Part of the dilemma, though, was that I became so identified with Wheaties that nobody knew my name. I was Mr. Wheaties or Jack Armstrong, and it's even true to this day. I remember shaking President Nixon's hand in the White House, and he said, 'Bob, how's Wheaties?'"

Richards looks fit as a fiddle. "I did 12 feet on my 56th birthday last week," he says. "Did you know that Wheaties and I were born in the same year?" Actually, he was born two years later, but that's close enough.

Richards still competes in Masters track meets, which he helped originate. Even without Wheaties, he's a very busy man. He produces natural gas on his property and buys and sells heavy equipment. He and his son, Paul, 29, manufacture Sky Poles for vaulting in a little factory in Santo. He was born two years later, but that's close enough. Richards is also encouraging Bobby Jr., 15, to make the Winter Olympics as a figure skater and the Summer Olympics as a pole vaulter. And there are always speaking engagements.

Richards moved to Santo from Long Beach, Calif. in the early '70s to be centrally located; most of his audience lives in the Midwest, South and Southwest. He claims, and who would argue, that he has made more speeches in more communities than anyone in history. By his own estimate, he figures he has given

more than 17,000 talks in more than 9,000 gyms, ballrooms and meeting halls. "My films have been seen by 65 million people," he adds. "Gone With the Wind had 35 million the first time around." The demand for inspirational speeches isn't what it once was, but Richards is still on the podium about 100 days a year.

In his living room, he talks passionately of the lack of leadership in the country and the lack of a national youth sports program. "We give all our attention and money to a thimbleful of athletes when we should be pushing fitness for everyone," he says. "That's the kind of thing Wheaties should be behind, Wheaties needs a spokesman."

"When I was a kid, I ate Wheaties. I listened to Babe Ruth when he said I could hit home runs if I ate my Wheaties. They really are good for you. I've been studying all about vitamins and chemical bonding and DNA. Together with the calcium in milk, Wheaties gives you an outstanding combination of some pretty basic life substances. I was disappointed when I heard that a lot of the vitamin E is taken out of Wheaties in the manufacturing, but then, no food is perfect."

"I truly believe you are what you eat," says Richards. "Why, last night I had Wheaties for dinner."

"I know," says Joan. "I had to clean the bowl out this morning."

On the back of a current Wheaties box is a tantalizing picture of a bowl of cereal and below that a three-paragraph soft-sell on those crispy, crunchy, whole-wheat flakes. After Richards departed, Wheaties' advertising got delightfully flaky. Knox Reeves passed away, and the account went to the Dancer Fitzgerald Sample agency. Its most notable campaign, in the early '70s, gave the Wheaties sports heritage a flip side. In one commercial, Reds Catcher Johnny Bench would fall, run into a screen and strike out. While he was stumbling around the field, a singer by the name of Bobby Bloom would wail, "Hey, John, you didn't have your Wheaties..." It was a catchy tune and a catchy commercial, and similar ones were made with Henry Aaron and Tom Weiskopf. The campaign might have gone on for years.

But then Chaze intervened with his Breakfast of Chumps attack, and Wheaties beat a hasty retreat. Wheaties

continued

**No More Coaxing A Child To Eat Cereal!**

Wheaties is the only cereal that's been named "Best Cereal" by the National Cereal Association for 10 years.

Wheaties is the only cereal that's been named "Best Cereal" by the National Cereal Association for 10 years.

Wheaties is the only cereal that's been named "Best Cereal" by the National Cereal Association for 10 years.

Sponsoring Skippy served to wake up dormant sales.

# SEARS HAS MORE SHOCKS THAN THE ROAD OF LIFE HAS BUMPS.

It really doesn't matter what kind of shock absorber your car needs. Sears probably has it in stock. Right now. Right in your neighborhood.

We start with Sears Best SteadyRider® Radial Tuned shocks. And there's our air adjustable and booster shocks for hauling loads and towing trailers.



*Amazingly, Sears lowest-priced shocks are just \$5.99, each. Prices apply only to the continental United States.*

Then there's our Super Duty shocks for light trucks, vans, and off the road vehicles. Finally, Sears has MacPherson struts, coil springs, and struts for many of our cars. A first where you can find anything you could need.

But what if you're not sure what you need? Right now, at Sears, there's no better place to go on the road. In need, new shocks, right now.

The problem is, shocks wear out slowly. So slowly, you might not notice that they're going. But you can still

fill a pothole in a hurry. And that can mean big trouble holding your car on the road.



*From heavy-duty shocks to air adjustables to MacPherson struts, Sears has more shock absorbers in stock than almost anybody.*

The fact is, shocks do a lot more than give you a smooth ride. They hold your tires on the road. Compared to worn out shocks, new ones give you

better braking, improved stability, and quicker maneuvering. That's where Sears shock absorbers ride to the rescue.

For instance, our conventional shocks have 40% more ride control area than original equipment on most new cars.

And Sears Best SteadyRider Radial Tuned shocks are temperature compensated. That means you get more control when it's hot, more comfort when it's cold. It also helps keep the SteadyRider steady.

Best of all, Sears shocks

start at just \$5.99 each. We'll also install them for you. And we'll do a professional job at a reasonable price.

For more information, call 1-800-4-A-Sears, or visit us at Sears. No charge for a second opinion.



You can count on

**Sears**

Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1992



came back fortified with vitamins and a new ad campaign. This time the theme was, "He knows he's a man." With

Bloom again singing, father and son would go off and shoot the rapids. That deliverance angle, however, ran smack dab into feminism. Wheaties kept a low profile for a time, emerging again in 1975 after a *Reader's Digest* article praised the effects of bran. The new ad campaign was called Bran News. One spot featured an announcer asking skiers on a lift line if they knew that Wheaties was whole bran. The skiers registered astonishment.

Before the bran news got very old, along came the 1976 Olympics in Montreal, starring Bruce Jenner. In March of 1977 Wheaties signed Jenner, and by May he was lapping up the cereal on our home screens, the picture of health and innocence.

A hotshot assistant district attorney in San Francisco didn't see it that way. He claimed Jenner was misleading the public and accused our hero of committing consumer fraud. The prosecutor's grandstand play backfired, however, when Jenner came forward and said, nonsense, I've been eating Wheaties all my life, and my mom will back me up. The folks at General Mills still chuckle at the cartoon in the *San Francisco Chronicle* depicting a SWAT team with the assistant D.A. shouting through a bullhorn, "We have you surrounded! Come out with your hands up, Wheaties!"

Sales picked up a little with Jenner's arrival. His commercial was fairly straightforward, with the clips of his decathlon victory at Montreal followed by Bruce at the table, spoon in hand, telling us that his favorite breakfast cereal is Wheaties.

Jenner turned out to have far less staying power than Richards. Wheaties was holding steady at \$56 million a year, but its share of the market had fallen from 3.4% in 1971 to 2% in 1980. Had the cereal been able to hold its share, sales would have been \$95 million. General Mills panicked, Jenner was dropped, and the account was switched to the Needham, Harper & Steers agency. There was never any thought of replacing Jenner, who still heads the Wheaties Sports Federation, with, for example, speed skater Eric Heiden, who just happened to tell the press after winning the first of his five gold medals at the Lake Placid Olympics in 1980 that he ate Wheaties for breakfast.

What the minds at Needham, Harper & Steers came up with was Eaties for Wheaties. This is an attempt to capture a broader market, specifically teenyboppers, for the cereal. Says Schulze, the General Mills consumer foods veep, "We had the feeling, and our research confirmed, that many people have forgotten how good Wheaties tastes. Many people

see the Breakfast of Champions as sort of a training table food. Because it's good for you, they reason, it can't taste very good."

The 30-second commercials, which began airing last August, initially starred Darryl Dawkins of the Philadelphia 76ers and Ed White, a San Diego Chargers' guard. Ron Cey of the Los Angeles Dodgers has since been added. The spots also include anonymous amateur athletes with whom the viewing audience presumably will feel right at home. One of the commercials opens with a woman tennis player hating a ball and singing, "Before a day of breaking serves, I get the Eaties for my Wheaties." Then a referee sings that before he whistles pass incompletes, he gets the Eaties for his Wheaties. Dawkins finishes by jamming the ball into a breakaway hoop and moaning, "Before I slam my gorilla dunks. . . . You get the idea."

Richards doesn't much like the new campaign, and neither do I. The rhymes are so lame they need Bute ("unpiring peewees"). But, lo and behold, the commercials are catching on, and although no sales figures are yet available, General Mills is pleased. They certainly haven't gotten cold feeties.

"I get a lot of teasing about it," says White, whose line is, "Before I put on my little cleaties." "I certainly heard a lot of Eaties for Wheaties when I was leaving stadiums this fall."

Perhaps Wheaties is adding yet another chapter to American advertising, and we'll soon have Alexander Haig claiming that before he negotiates his strategic arms treaties. . . .

Wheaties was, is and will always be the Breakfast of Champions, no matter what some ad agency cooks up. Besides, Wheaties tastes good. "Have you tried them with brown sugar?" says White. "They are absolutely delicious." I have and he's right. **END**



Rasputin's endorsement helped Wheaties pull in a lion's share of the cereal biz.



You've finally qualified for the classic.  
The Grand Prix.  
Grand Prix™ by Activision®. A racing game  
for use with the Atari® Video Computer System.™  
Every other video racing game was a trial run.  
For Grand Prix, Grand Prix explodes off the screen

with all the sound and fury of the real thing.  
Accelerate off the line. Weave through  
the pack. Anticipate treacherous oil slicks,  
and push yourself and your car to the limit.  
It's you against the clock in the ultimate  
video racing game.

**"Gentlemen...start your engines!"**



# GRAND PRIX™

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 22-29

Compiled by ROB BUCHANAN

**COLORADO BASKETBALL**—NORTH CAROLINA defeated Georgetown 63-62 to win the NCAA Division I title in New Orleans (page 16).

**LOUISIANA TECH** beat Cheney State 76-62 to win the women's NCAA Division I championship in Norfolk, Va.

**BRADLEY** beat Purdue 67-58 to win the NIT in New York City.

**RUTGERS** beat Texas 83-77 to win the AIAW national tournament in Philadelphia.

**PRO BASKETBALL**—Atlanta: Division-leading Boston, unbeaten in five weeks and on a six-game winning streak, ran into some very hot Blazers and lost 116-88. Milwaukee claimed the Central Division title with a 128-99 win of funderling San Diego, owner of 24 of its last 26. Despite perfect 3-0 wins by Detroit, winner of nine straight, and Houston, whose Moses Malone leads the league in rebounding and in second in scoring, San Antonio held on to its 36-game lead as the Mavericks won a 114-110 victory at Utah. George Gervin had 47 for the Spurs to ice the Jazz' 11th straight defeat. In the Pacific, the Warriors retained third place by beating Portland 132-89 for their fourth straight win, while Seattle moved to within 1% of Los Angeles, the division leader.

**BOWLING**—FARL, ANTHONY defeated Frank Edlebaugh 249-235 to win a \$15,000 PBA event in Milwaukee.

**BOXING**—WILFREDO GOMEZ retained his WBC super-heavyweight title with a split-round TKO of Juan Hernandez in Atlantic City.

**JEFF CHANDLER** stopped Johnny Carter in the sixth round to successfully defend his WBA heavyweight championship in Philadelphia.

**GOLF**—TOM WATSON won par on the third hole of a one-shot playoff with Fred Couples to win the \$300,000 Heritage Classic in Hilton Head, S.C. The pair finished the regulation 72 holes with four-under-par 280.

**AMY ALCOIT** shot a one-under-par 286 to defeat JoAnne Carner for one stroke in a \$175,000 LPGA tournament in Kona, Hawaii.

**GYMNASTICS**—UTAH won the NCAA women's team title in Salt Lake City with 144.66 points to runner-up California State Polytechnic 144.15.

**COLLEGE HOCKEY**—NORTH DAKOTA defeated Wisconsin 5-2 to win the NCAA Division I title in Providence (page 20).

**PRO HOCKEY**—Adding more to injury, and yet another record to the NHL books, Stanley Division champion Edmonton's Wayne Gretzky became the first player to get 200 points in a season when he scored six short-handed goals in a 27-second and added a pair of assists in a 7-2 blowout at Calgary. Gretzky's new goal, 900 goals. After No. 91 in a 6-6 tie with Colorado, he and of the century mark. "I'll not bother about the Whalers in a 5-4 victory that enabled the Islanders to clinch the regular-season overall point title. As Montreal had wrapped up the Adams Division championship the week before, Minnesota was list to be first, winning the Norris Division crown with two victories, 4-2 over Los Angeles and 6-5 over Boston. Last season a large shot, Parkhurst became the 16th player to finish with a 6-5 win at Washington.

**HORSE RACING**—STAR GALLOP (16-60). Sandy Hawley up, won the \$91,000 Fountain of Youth Stakes at Gulfstream Park by four lengths over Duetive Pro. The 3-year-old colt covered the five-mile course in 1:43.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—CALE YARBOROUGH drove his Buick to victory in the \$72,065 Warner W. Anderson Cup race in Rockingham, N.C., originally scheduled for Feb. 28 and twice rain-delayed. He averaged 104.992 mph around the 1.01-mile oval, beating Terry Labonte, in a Chevrolet, by one lap and one car length.

**SKIING**—PHIL MAHRE, who two months ago clinched the overall World Cup for the second straight year, finished third in the season's final giant slalom in Sestriere, Italy and then won the last slalom at Montgenèvre, France to win the individual titles in those events. STEVE NODDERS of Canada won the downhill World Cup.

**BILL KOCH** of the U.S. won the Nordic World Cup with an upset victory in the 15-km. season finale in Cortina, Italy. The win gave him 121 points for the year, seven better than favorite Thomas Wassberg of Sweden.

**ERIKA HESS** of Switzerland won the women's slalom and overall World Cups. She had 297 points in the overall, 15 more than guest-slalom champion IRENE EPPLE of West Germany. The downhill Cup went to France's MARIE CECILE GROB-GAUBERT.

**INDIAN SOCCER**—MISL Western Division-leading Seattle Sounders won a 1-0 week, making a debut, in New York, when league-leading soccer Steve Zampari got a goal with eighth minute left. Pittsburgh, winner of a pair of shots to Stan Zwick's six goals and six assists, moved to within 26 games of the Arsenal in the Eastern Division.

**SWIMMING**—UCLA won the NCAA men's swimming and diving championships in Brown Deer, Wis. with 219 points, nine points better than defending champion Texas. The meet came down to the final race, the 400-yard freestyle relay, and UCLA outswam the Longhorns to win a new American record of 2:53.55 (page 22).

**TENNIS**—SYLVIA HANIKU upset Martina Navratilova 1-6, 6-3, 6-4 to win the \$300,000 Avon Championships in New York City.

**GUILLEMO VILAS** defeated Jimmy Connors 6-3, 6-3 in the \$250,000 Caesars Cup in Milan.

**MILFOOTS**—RESIGNED. As basketball coach at Parma, EDDIE HOLBROOK, 42, who guided the Paladins to a 65-48 record in his four seasons.

**SUSPENDED** BY THE NHL. HARRY NEALE, 45, coach of the Vancouver Canucks, for 10 games, for having feuded with fans during a game in Quebec City on March 20.

**TRADED** BY THE ATLANTA BRAVES. Outfielder ED MILLER, 26, to the Detroit Tigers for pitcher ROGER WEAVER, 27, by the Cincinnati Reds, catcher ROE NOLAN, 30, to the Baltimore Orioles for pitcher BROOKS ROSS, 26, and outfielder DALLAS WILLIAMS, 24, by the New York Yankees, pitcher BILL CASTRO, 28, and catcher-Fair Bowman DENNIS WERTH, 29, for, respectively, California Angel Third Baseman RICHIE HOBSON, 30, and Kansas City Royal Pitcher SCOT BEAHN, 26, by the Royals. Pitcher JEFF SHATTNER, 26, and Infielder BRUCE MULLINIX, 26, for, respectively, Chicago White Sox Infielder GREG PRYOR, 32, and Toronto Blue Jay Pitcher PHIL HUGHES, 25, by the Blue Jays also acquired Pitcher DAVE GEISEL, 37, to complete a Dec. 28 trade with the Chicago Cubs, the Cubs obtained Infielder JUMP WILLS, 29, from the Texas Rangers for pitcher FILL MILER, 24, and cash and sent Pitcher MIKE GRIFFIN, 34, to the Montreal Expos to complete a March 15 trade.

**DIED** RAYMOND (Gladdy) PARKER, 68, coach of the Detroit Lions from 1950 to 1957, of complications from a ruptured aorta, in Kaufman, Texas. He guided the Lions to NFL titles in 1952 and '53.

**HENRY SEARS**, 69, commodore of the New York Yacht Club in 1955 and 1956, who was instrumental in reviving the long-dormant America's Cup competition in 1958, of cancer, in Cheshire, Md.

## CREDITS

6—Walter Ippert 21—George Teitelbaum 30-31—Carl Joseph 32—Manny Russo 33—Carl Joseph 34-35—George Teitelbaum 36—Ronald C. Moore 37—Manny Russo 38—Carl Joseph 39—Ronald C. Moore 40—Manny Russo 41—George Teitelbaum 42—Carl Joseph 43—country General Mills 44—Richard Carpenter

## FACES IN THE CROWD



CATHY TWOMEY  
EASTON, ONT.



NANCY GONZ  
EASTAMONT, MASS.

Twomey, 25, a co-winner for Nike, won the women's 20-km. Nagoya-Chanuchi road race in Japan in 1:06:52, surpassing the world best mark of 1:08:22 set by Allison Roe of New Zealand last year. Twomey was ranked fifth in the world in the women's 5,000 meters last year. Gonz, 24, a student in a shoe store, won a women's 20-km. road race in Washington, D.C. in 1:09:30, taking one minute and nine seconds off her previous American record.



TERENCE JACKSON  
UNIONTOWN, PA.

Jackson, a 5'9" senior at Uniontown High, runs seventh on the all-time list of high school high jumpers, having leaped 7'10". Last year he won the Pennsylvania state high school high jumping title for the second consecutive year.



TIM BARTH  
ANNEX, ILL.

Barth, 25, a mechanical engineer, broke the ABC five-game tournament record of 1,303 set by Pat Dickey in 1978 by bowling games of 300, 255, 267, 289 and 274 for a total of 1,385 at the Stardust Bowl Singles Tournament in Addison.



TERRY ALLEN  
JAMES, PA.

Terry, a 5'9" junior center forward on the Jupiter High girls' soccer team, led her conference in scoring with 42 goals, placing the Warriors in a 20-2 record. Last spring she hit .436 and led the school's softball team to a 22-3 record.



JOHN NIMICK  
NORRISTON, PA.

Nimick, 23, a part-time cable TV salesman, won the U.S. National Men's Squash Racquet Championship at Washington, D.C., defeating Kenan Jonsson 15-10, 16-15, 6-15 and 15-11. A week earlier, he had won the Canadian National title.

MOST MEN AGREE

# EDGE LETS YOU SHAVE CLOSER THAN FOAM



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## How to catch a thief.

It's a lot like catching a weasel. They're very sneaky. The trick is, you can't catch 'em if you don't see 'em. So how do you see 'em?

Start looking. See, you and your neighbors should watch out for each other. And when you see something suspicious, call the cops, fast. So the cops can act. Fast.

To learn how to catch a thief—call your local police or sheriff. More on weasels later.



TAKE A BITE OUT OF  
**CRIME**

Ad

19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

# THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## TROUBLE IN FLORIDA

As a lifetime Florida resident, I am truly grateful for your attention to my state's environmental dilemma. Your articles *There's Trouble in Paradise* (Feb. 9, 1981) and *Special Report: Anatomy of a Man-made Drought* (March 15) echo an occasional warning about the threat to Florida's water supply sounded by responsible newspapers around the state. Unfortunately those who ignore such warnings are lightly regarded Cassandra to land developers who make big bucks by luring more residents to Florida while further complicating our water problems. Perhaps further exposure is what is needed to awaken a state filling with new residents to the perils at hand.

ROBERT DRESCHER JR.  
Silver Springs, Fla.

Sir,

Your special report on the water situation in Florida was excellent. We are annual visitors to Florida and are dismayed by the lack of appreciation for environmental issues by the natives. My son did a college paper in 1970 on the water problem in Florida. A lot of this information has been available for 12 to 15 years.

Stupid politicians and greedy land developers have raped Florida of its most valuable natural resource: water.

JOHN E. MILLER  
Hutchinson, Minn.

Sir,

What do droughts have to do with sports? I expected to read about Marvellous Marvin Hagler, the New York Islanders and the grueling Ironman World Triathlon.

CHRISTOPHER CROCHESTER  
Lake Grove, N.Y.

## GEORGE ALLEN IN MONTREAL

Sir,

Hiring George Allen (For Allen, *This Is Allen Territory*, March 15) to make the Montreal Alouettes cost effective is the same as appointing an arsonist as fire chief. Allen is nonpareil as a coach, but as a guardian of the pocketbook he's terribly naive.

ANDREA MEDKE  
Corpus Christi, Texas

Sir,

In your article George Allen expresses a wish for a translation into French of the motto to "To win without peril is to triumph without glory." He need only refer to Corneille's great play, *Le Cid*, Act II, Scene 2. The passage reads: "A vaincre sans péril, on triomphe sans gloire."

However, his other wish, the one for a Grey Cup, will not be granted. The Canadian Football League champions will be Ottawa's beloved Rough Riders.

GILLES RENAUD  
Ottawa

Sir,

I read with pleasure your article on George Allen. It might be of interest to your readers to know that in addition to running and reading, he has been serving with distinction, and in his usual hardworking style, as chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports.

HOWARD E. FLETCHER  
Special Advisor  
President's Council on Physical  
Fitness and Sports  
Athenon, Calif.

## WIFFLERS

Sir,

Talk about memories! The Wiffle Ball story by Franz Lidz (FIRST PERSON, March 22) made me feel half my age. We weren't as organized as the Herman Wiffle Ball Four, but we had a six-man league in Menon Park, Pa., just a few home runs east of Penn Valley, that predated the Herman league by several years. Our games were all played at "Myers Field," which was split between the pitcher's mound and home plate by our street. Our star pitcher, Joe Reichman, had a knuckle curve that was utterly predictable—somewhere in the strike zone above or below your bat.

Oh, that we could continue our competition! But we six now live in five different states. However, if we ever all come home, Lidz, Herman and company had better be prepared for a challenge match.

LUIS R. DORFMAN  
Gulfport, Miss.

Sir,

Many fond memories were recalled to my mind when I read Franz Lidz's article on Wiffle Ball. Our version, played in the '50s, consisted of hitting between two three-story tenements in Brockton, Mass. The pitcher and the batter were a mere 30 feet apart, which meant that the fastball was one of our best pitches. Many games were interrupted while we retrieved a four-bagger from the roof, and our mothers were kept busy patching up legs and arms damaged in reckless dives for ground balls. Although Lidz's Herman Wiffle Ball sounds like fun, we city players would have dominated his team in a seven-game series.

RICHARD ERIKSSON  
Monroe, Conn.  
continued

# Yesterday

by SHARON L. ROAN

**NO ONE YELLED "KILL THE UMP" WHEN AMANDA CLEMENT WAS A MAN IN BLUE**

One day in 1905 the manager of a semipro baseball team in Hudson, S. Dak. needed someone to umpire a game. He didn't have to look far. Living in the farmhouse across the street from the local sandlot was a 17-year-old known to have a level head and a good knowledge of the game. This was how the six-year career of Amanda E. Clement, baseball's first woman umpire, began. By the time her career ended, the Lady in Blue, as Clement was called, had become one of the highest-paid umpires in the West, making as much as \$25 a game, and she had been recruited, albeit unsuccessfully, by major league presidents Ban Johnson and Harry Pulliam to call games in the East.

"She did an excellent job of umpiring, and she demanded the players' respect. If they didn't like it, out they went," says E.F. (Clem) Clement, 69, a nephew of the late Mandy Clement. Clem is the curator of his aunt's baseball memorabilia—a ball-strike indicator hand carved from ivory, a disfigured scragbook and a smudged, autographed baseball dated 1908—which have been donated to the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown. The baseball is Clem's favorite item. It has POOR GALLAGHER penned on it. "I'd love to know what happened to poor Gallagher," says Clem, "because I'll bet she threw the son-of-a-buck out of a ball game."

Amanda, 5' 10", was a good enough athlete to play first base on Hudson's semipro team when the men were short on players. She was tough, and the men knew it. Clem and his brothers played catch with their Aunt Mandy when they were adolescents and she was about 40, and Clem recalls, "We used to run inside, pretending to get a drink of water, and instead put some sponge in our gloves because she threw so hard."

The one thing Amanda lacked when she was called upon to umpire her first game was her mother's permission. Harriet Clement was no soft lady, having

been one of the first women to settle in the town of Eden in the Dakota Territory. But she was appalled at the idea of her daughter umpiring. With a diplomacy that would later serve her well, Amanda persuaded her mother to let her work the game.

Clement called as many as 60 games a season in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska over the next six years. She proved to be a popular umpire. Clever promoters drew large crowds to baseball tournaments by giving Clement top billing. Posters calling Clement THE ONLY LADY UMPIRE IN THE WORLD made her sound like a circus attraction, but she was able to earn enough as an umpire to put herself through the University of Nebraska as a phys ed major. According to Clem, Amanda was proudest of a 17-inning marathon she worked in 1907 heat. The game was called at sundown with the score tied 1-1.

It seems odd now that a woman could



have been a successful ump 75 years ago when she wouldn't be welcomed in the umpiring ranks today. But Clement's serious supporters claimed that a lady umpire could clean up the game and "make gentlemen out of the players." Stationed behind the mound, as was the custom then, so she could also call plays at the bases, Clement needed no protective equipment. Her uniform was a full-length blue skirt, black necktie and white blouse with UMPIR stenciled across the front. She tucked extra baseballs into the wide elastic waistband of her skirt. With

her waist-length dark hair tucked up inside a baseball cap, Clement was described as "an inspiring sight" and "more than just a pretty face" by local newspapers. "She is death on balls and strikes," one reporter wrote.

Clement was a no-nonsense woman. A Congregationalist, she lodged with local ministers when working away games and refused to umpire on Sundays. She once left a game after two innings because a player swore. But that kind of confrontation was rare, and the players were respectful. Janet Mills, a friend of Clement's for 30 years, recalls, "Amanda always marveled that they were so polite. They never said, 'Kill the umpire.' They said, 'Beg your pardon, Miss Umpire, but wasn't that one a bit high?'"

Clement's reputation grew as the news of the South Dakota umpress traveled East. A journalist in Boston called her a "heartless arbitrator" and claimed she had refused more than 60 offers of marriage from players. "I am wedded to baseball," he quoted her as saying. "I think I can be of more service to humanity by correcting the tendencies of the men who use horrid language when things don't suit them on the diamond." She never did marry, but Mills feels that Amanda would never have said she was wedded to the game.

Clement also had some athletic successes outside of baseball. They're difficult to track down because few records on female athletes were kept then. She is supposed to have won tennis championships in Iowa and South Dakota, to have set unofficial world marks in the shotgun, sprints and hurdles while at Nebraska and to have established a women's world record in 1912 by throwing a baseball 275 feet. In addition, she taught ballet to the University of Wyoming football team during World War I and became the first female high school basketball referee.

Clement continued to call baseball games occasionally until she was in her early 40s. But after those first six years her real interest shifted to coaching, and she organized men's and women's baseball teams in colleges and YWCAs in the Midwest. She eventually became a social worker. After she retired in 1966, she rarely missed a baseball game on the radio or TV. Smoking cigarettes and keeping score, she rooted for the Twins—and, no doubt, the umps—until she died in 1971.

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19TH HOLE *continued*

### KENTUCKY'S GAME

Sir,

To add to your March 22 SCORECARD item concerning the University of Kentucky's reluctance to take on intrastate rival Louisville, it appears that the Cardinals aren't the only ones to experience Kentucky's so-called "failure of competitive spirit." Kentucky is being dropped from Notre Dame's schedule after next season because Kentucky refuses to play Notre Dame under a home-and-home arrangement—that is, with games played alternately in Lexington and South Bend.

As many people are aware, Kentucky has enjoyed the luxury of a 10-year agreement whereby all basketball games between the Wildcats and the Irish have taken place in Kentucky. That contract has expired, and after next season, when the teams are scheduled to play in South Bend under the terms of a current two-year agreement, Kentucky has made it clear that it is unwilling to continue to meet Notre Dame under a home-and-home arrangement, which would be much fairer to both teams.

DANIEL R. SCHWEERS  
Normal, Ill.

Sir:

I agree wholeheartedly with your SCORECARD item. It's about time the Wildcats stopped avoiding the Cardinals. Just think how much money a Kentucky-Louisville game could put in both teams' coffers.

GUY CRO  
Bardonia, Ky.

Sir:

Kentucky's failure to play Louisville is, in my opinion, being blown out of proportion, as the game itself would be if it were played. UK's loss to Middle Tennessee was also blown out of proportion. To say "Hall and his Wildcats don't have much to be proud of" is totally unfair, especially to the young men who play for Kentucky. Why should they be ashamed of a 22-8 season, when anyone else would be very proud of it?

BYRON JOSE  
Batavia, Ohio

Sir:

Why should Kentucky have to play Louisville? It's sad when politics comes into sports. If Kentucky is forced to play Louisville, then it should also be forced to play Western Kentucky, Eastern Kentucky, Murray State, Morehead State and perhaps even Bellarmine, Centre College and the Kentucky School for the Blind. If this sounds absurd to you, then you'll know how absurd your editorial sounded to me.

STEVE L. FARRINGER  
Louisville

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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